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MANCHESTER POETRY:

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

EDITED BY JAMES WHEELER.

"He that recalls the attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly said to advance the literature of his age."—JOHNSON.

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TO

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON,

A PATRON AND ORNAMENT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED BY

THE EDITOR.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

The task of writing an introductory essay, at no time very attractive, is one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy when the work to be ushered into the world consists of the productions of townsmen, and those townsmen "poets." On the one hand an editor's reserve will be cavilled at if he say too little; on the other his assurance will be chastised if he talk too largely; so that between the two extremes some prudence is requisite to guide him safely to the goal.

"Manchester Poetry!" exclaim doubtless the majority of those who may chance to bestow a passing glance upon the book—

> "Bless us! what a word on
> A title-page is this!"—

and, as if satisfied in their own minds that this same town cannot produce any good thing save only such as emanates

from the spindle or the power-loom, they indulge, it may be, in a slight laugh at the presumption of the editor, and go on their way rejoicing.

It is, indeed, unfortunately the fact that, except in rare instances, the few scientific and literary men whom Manchester could boast have been content to hide their light under a bushel, passing from the stage of life without recording their title to any degree of fame beyond the immediate precincts of their own homesteads. As for popularity, "poor and content was rich and rich enough;" they sought not the applause of the multitude; they knew that a venal criticism might be purchased; and aware of the worthlessness of fame so procured, they had, too, the philosophy to disregard it.

Thus it is that strangers have weekly and daily visited the town, nay are even yet visiting it, only as a great manufacturing depôt. They have heard of its skilfulness in all manner of handicraft; rumour has spoken of its inhabitants as a people "whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers the honourable of the earth," and they have come up in a spirit of curiosity to inspect its spinning-jennies and power-looms, to take note of this apparatus or of that cog-wheel.

and, exclaiming "wonderful" at every turn, have departed at last with the impression that Manchester is indeed the most mechanical of boroughs! But for any qualities intellectual or imaginative, not having dreamed of the possibility, they have not paused to inquire into the fact, of their existence.

Nor can we wonder. The antipathy of men of trade to the pursuits of literature is as ancient as the hills, and seems likely to endure as long. In the early days of commerce men rose from their beds at day-break, partook with their apprentices and workmen the homely meal of porridge from a common platter set in the midst of a deal table—betook them to their toil till nightfall—then hied to the tobacco-clouded atmosphere of a tavern for their glass and gossip—and by nine o'clock were laid a-bed, dreaming off the fumes of their carousal. In such a state of society, literature was of course a luxury unknown and disregarded. But it is strange that in these later days, when the learned professions are crowded with the aspiring scions of commerce, and the senate too often groans under the inflictions of counting-house eloquence, instead of finding an elevation of men's tastes correspondent with the growth of their means, the aversion to literary

pursuits should have lost so little of its force. It is to be feared, indeed, that there are even yet men—and those among the most prosperous in the class of old-fashioned traders—who deem the coarse vulgarity and narrow apprehension of a mind uncultivated to be the best *materiel* whereof to frame a good tradesman; and though generally it is not now, as once, that the pilgrims of trade enter on their career without education, it yet seems to be deemed for the most part that the education of books should begin and end at school, or at least that "Tooke on prices," or the "city article" of a daily paper, is the only literature cognizable by a disciple of the counting-house.

It is a curious phenomenon, too, in the history of the commercial communities of modern days, that the literary taste discouraged in the outset of life, seldom gives any sign of vitality in the maturer days of men of this class. It is common to find those who, after a life of laborious industry, the latter part spent perhaps in sighing for "a few short years between the grave and the desk," retire at length to enjoy their decline with some little splendour, rearing stately mansions, and surrounding themselves with costly works of art, paintings, sculpture, and *bijouterie;*

others may be seen working themselves slowly into the dignity of local potentates, and surmounting the arduous summits of parochial oratory; whilst with not a few the spirit of philanthropy and Christian beneficence, pent up in early life, bursts forth in its sunset to fertilize and adorn the field of their respective neighbourhoods. But, among this class, literature, if it have patrons—and it has a few—finds no disciples. There may be those who browse in half-awakened ease upon the sunny side of Parnassus; but there are none who in the spirit of humble pilgrimage attempt the arduous and barren heights whose pinnacle is the retreat of the Muses. With these fair ladies, indeed, even the higher faculties of mind which trade and manufactures call into exercise seem to have no sympathy. Manchester has been the nursery of all those wonderful mechanists whose discoveries gave birth to modern commerce, and are now enriching the world; and yet, so far as our knowledge goes, none of these giant intellects ever allied themselves with other—and shall we say loftier—studies. Mechanical genius stands alone in the field of intellect;—and so likewise the peculiar properties which characterize a "Manchester Man," whilst they exist not in other spheres, are rarely found linked with other high mental qualities.

Despite all this, however—*malgré* the impression which smoke and machinery may be supposed to have upon the brain—it is with no little pride that we can count over the names of those eminent men who in a former age have arisen from our population—who have enlightened the world with their genius—and who sank into their honored rest with the sweet lullaby of fame upon their dying ear. It needs not that they should be enumerated. Suffice it that the renowned in science will not blush to enrol the name of a Henry among their archives—that the immortal in art will be only too proud to find the inspired Liverseege of their number! And if it were compatible with the design of this essay to speak of those who are yet walking in our streets, and with whom we have yet the privilege of holding earthly converse, we would whisper into the ear of philosophy the name of Dalton, and demand if it be a slight thing to make boast of *him;*—we would call a council of the poets, and present Charles Swain to the proudest in their ranks,—and if there be any that are still sceptical, we would ask them to listen to his reception there!

In some respects, therefore, Manchester may have little or no ground for complaint or lasting despondency. Great progress has been made since the days when Arkwright

first accumulated a princely fortune, and then, in the maturity of life, set himself to learn to write;—and hope, "the immortal child of imagination and desire," sees in these tardy stages of cultivation bright harbingers of the future. At this time, indeed, Manchester owns, besides the parent society,* various associations for the encouragement of philosophy, literature, and the arts, which give promise of a prolonged existence. Music, also, is worshipped here with a true devotion;—painting has many friends;—and sculpture is entering on the field of popularity. Among the members of the learned professions, too, Manchester may rank men worthy of taking a high station with their countrymen engaged in corresponding pursuits; so that there can be nothing in her dingy atmosphere inimical to the growth of intelligence.† If, then, in the processes of nature, each developement is but the foundation of some higher stage of organization, so these evidences of awakening in one sphere of the intellect may be fairly regarded as the germs of other and loftier capacities. To

* The Literary and Philosophical Society: Dr. Dalton President.

† The names of Dr. Whittaker, the historian (and a poet too, though none of his works appear here), of Ferrier and White, need only to be mentioned to confirm these statements.

this progression everything which tends to bring congenial minds together cannot but be ancillary; and thus this humble book, designed to draw into friendly union the members of our little republic of letters, by first making them conscious of each other's existence, (knowledge new to some of them,) may not be without its lasting value.

It is true that works concocted as it were from the brains of other men rarely rank very high; nor in ordinary cases can that literary reputation be said to have a very sure foundation which is based upon the "wise saws" of our neighbours. In plain words, books of "selections," "gems," "beauties," *aut quocunque alio nomine vocantur*, are usually sneered at by the world. The editor, however, hopes to protect himself from illiberal criticism under the plea—and it has the merit of truth to uphold it—that "Manchester Poetry" needed selection and reproduction to place the town fairly in the world's eye; and that such a view, not the dishonest one of decking himself out in the gay colours of his friends' genius, prompted him to this undertaking.

Perhaps of the Poetry of Manchester, until these later years, little that is favourable could be said. It would seem as if, in this respect, the atmosphere *had* imparted somewhat

of its dulness to the imagination of those who inhaled it. Hence, though Byrom wrote somewhat voluminously, and was highly esteemed by Addison and Steele as a scholar and a poet, it is only in the nineteenth century, within some dozen or twenty years of the present time, that any pretensions have been made by Manchester writers to rank among the gifted of the earth. And even those claims—modest and well-founded as it is conceived they have been—are met at this day, as already has been shewn, only with a contemptuous smile, by most of the crowd of gentlemen whose genius lies rather in the detection of an imperfect fabric than in the right appreciation of perfect poetry. In Byrom's days the smiles of the Muses were monopolized by those who, having received a classical education, were thus enabled to write original verses with some degree of fluency, and to translate with considerably more. Rhymes became as plentiful as blackberries, and so that the ear was not offended by false metre, tolerable verses were considered tolerable poetry. The ephemeral reputation of an occasional scribbler in the newspapers or magazines of the present day would then have achieved for a man 'at least a ten years' celebrity; and to have written such stanzas as are now

weekly rejected by the editor of even a provincial journal would have gained their author the patronage of a duke and the admiration of "the town." Byrom, it must be confessed, was not much superior to the class of elegant imitators; but if his verses were not at all times poetical, they had at least this advantage—that their vein was always one of instruction and morality. The same praise, but of a loftier character, is due to Miss Jewsbury, or rather Mrs. Fletcher. Like Mrs. Hemans she was a domestic poet, her hand transcribing only what her heart composed. In all her poems there is a moral; and though, in some instances, a too near approximation to the style of her friend may be observable, yet her compositions breathe a spirit of deep religious feeling, unaccompanied by aught either of gloom or unnatural melancholy. The highest and truest eulogium which could be passed upon her writings, whether of prose or verse, would be to say that they gave a history of her life and of her feelings—the one was but a reflection of the other. It was, as she has herself said, her heart's earliest wish one day to become a poet; how that wish has been gratified let the world tell! She passed from amongst us ere we had yet learned to appreciate her genius; and it was

only when she had ceased to sing that the world—and mainly her own townsmen and women—discovered how really musical were the warblings of her lyre.

Of the other writers whose productions comprise a portion of the following pages the editor would gladly prate awhile, but it is a delicate matter to eulogise men with many of whom we are in close alliance; and to speak in other terms than those of praise would be painful and unjust. Such of them as are already before the world are independent alike of praise and censure—those who are not will perhaps thank us if we allow them and their works to stand upon their merits.

One of the brotherhood, however, it would be a fault to pass by without mention. Reared in the rude lap of humble and laborious life, with fortune, it is to be feared, frowning upon him even from his youth, the tide of circumstances has so rolled on as to afford the individual to whom the editor is referring little reason to "love the world or the world's laws." Without trenching upon memorials now the earlier blotted out the better, it may wound no prejudice to state, that in the troublous times of twenty years ago this gifted person acted a conspicuous part, boldly avowing opinions

honestly formed if not wisely founded, and attesting his zeal and sincerity in the cause he espoused, not less by the firmness with which he suffered, than by his entire freedom from the mercenary and self-elevating aims which characterized too many of that day's reformers, and by the philosophy with which, when dangers were passed and punishment had been patiently endured, he afterwards bore up against that last sad trial, "worse than the bitterness of death," the ingratitude and cold-heartedness of his former associates. Whether or not time, which has cast some hoar-frost upon his locks, has also cooled the fervour of his well-meant patriotism, it is not for the editor to inquire—it concerns him not, save that as the arena of political controversy is one overgrown with thorns, and thick strewn with records of the dire workings of human passion, it is a happy thing to think that those who were born for higher objects and with nobler capacities have fled from its desolate domains. Beyond this, neither the editor nor his readers have any concern with the politics of poets. Let the world, then, inquiring no further, be content to know that among the few whom Lancashire claims as her poets, none deserve a fairer garland than the lowly-minded Samuel Bamford.

The editor has another and an equally grateful task to perform in the acknowledgment of obligation to the gentlemen whose writings constitute the bulk of this volume, for the courtesy with which they allowed him to levy contributions from their stores: it is his regret that the levies are necessarily so small, and that the limits of his book compel him to pass, without even mention, the names of many persons, as yet little known to the world, whose productions would have adorned this publication and done credit to the town. In one instance only, that of Mr. T. K. Hervey, who may rank perhaps with the Manchester Poets, though none of his writings, the editor believes, date during his residence here, has the courtesy he otherwise has to be grateful for been forgotten.

Out of evil, however, good springs: the editor has devoted some of the pages originally designed for Mr. Hervey's poetry, to a few stanzas—all that he could glean—from the pen of a master spirit just passed from amongst us. To the editor the exchange is a satisfactory, as to his readers it will be a profitable one. He would have been happy if the efforts he has made to obtain some fragments of a more finished performance, which Dr. Mc. All is understood to

have left behind him, had been successful; but obstacles were found in the objection felt by the friends of the deceased to violate his strongly expressed desire that the production should not go forth. If report speak sooth, the loss to the world will not be slight should this injunction be permanently observed.

PRESTWICH, DECEMBER 4, 1838.

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JOHN BYROM.

A PASTORAL.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast—
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day—
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among—
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear.
But now she is absent I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow—and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook—
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his Master when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow—those daisies—why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dressed,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast!
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand—on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
To be cured thou must, Colin, thy passion remove—
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do?—I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair!

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

World, adieu, thou real cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Filled my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms;—
Now I see as clear as day
How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights;
False thy promises renewed;
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude.
Thee I quit for heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

Farewell, honour's empty pride!
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
If the least mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the dust.
Worldly honours end in gall,
Rise to-day, to-morrow fall.

Foolish vanity, farewell!
More inconstant than the wave;
Where thy soothing fancies dwell
Purest tempers they deprave.
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ, shall set me free.

Never shall my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial joys;
Joys that, never overpassed,
Through eternity shall last.

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him, and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

"Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?"
"To make myself a scholar, Sir, I come."
"And when you *are* one what do you intend?"
"To be a Priest, I hope, Sir, in the end."
"Suppose it so—what have you next in view?"
"That I may get to be a Canon too."
"Well, and how then?" "Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a Bishop." "Be it so—
What then?" "Why, Cardinal's a high degree,
And yet my lot it possibly may be."

"Suppose it was—what then?" "Why, who can say
But I've a chance for being Pope one day?"
"Well—having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?"
"Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure;
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then—I must die."

"What! *must* you die, fond youth? and at the best
But wish and hope, and *may be* all the rest?
Take my advice—whatever *may* betide,
For that which *must be*, first of all provide,
Then think of that which *may be;* and, indeed,
When well prepared who knows what may succeed?—
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope!"

MRS. FLETCHER.

THE SEA-BOY AND HIS SISTER.

"WHAT shall I bring thee from the isles
Whither our vessel goes?
Bright are the sea-shells scattered there,
More bright than the English rose;
And dust of gold, and diamond,
May be bought where points our prow;
Some shall be thine and mine, ere death,
But what shall I bring thee now, sweet girl?
But what shall I bring thee now?

"Fear not the sea, thou timid one,
My master and king is he,
And I brook not a word of treason heard,
Not a word, though it come from thee;
Nine weeks and a day have I dwelt on land,
Summer sports and labour seen;
I am sick of the flowers, I am tired of the trees,
I long for the shadows on ocean's green,
For the smell and the foam of the seas.

"Let me go, for my heart beats thickly here,
Not more drowsy thy wheel than I,
But one touch of the ropes, one breath of the gales,
And less light shall the dolphin ply:
I am weary to death of landsmen's talk,
My friends all tread the deck;
But I love thee, sister, and ere I go,
Say, what shall I bring thee back, sweet girl?
Say, what shall I bring thee back?"

"Ay, go, my brother; first and last
That ever bore such name to me;
Go, while the courage, ebbing fast,
Remains to bid farewell to thee.
I've watched thy boyish years unfold,
I love thee as a mother now,
Yet go, for restless dreams have scroll'd
The name of rover on thy brow.

"Think not I blame thee;—thou art kind—
Hast left me in this cot at ease—
But oh! thou canst not make me blind
To the deep perils of the seas!
Thou speak'st of them with pleasant tongue—
Thou say'st thy heart and home are there;
But oft I think, with spirit wrung,
Thou would'st not, if I were not here.

"An orphan with a pallid cheek;
A frame, too, somewhat overworn;
Enough—the heart is slow to break,
And sorrow comes but to be borne;
The hardest is to see thee go
Thus in thy youth, time after time;
To live upon thy toils, and know
For me thou wearest out thy prime!

"Yet I must think thou lov'st the sea,
'Twould madden me to doubt it long"—
"Love I the deep?—now credit me,
I love it with a love as strong
As thou myself;—it is my joy,
Has been my home, shall be my grave;
I tell thee, tempest scarce alloys
The bliss, the triumph of the wave!
So what shall I bring thee back, dear friend?
So what shall I bring thee back?"

"Bring back to me," said the gentle one,
"That which no caves may hide;
That which the deep sea cannot quench;
Thy love,—no gift beside!"

THE SYLVAN BROOK.

Whence comest thou, O Sylvan Brook?
And whither flows thy lisping wave?
From yonder mountain's heathery nook;
And many a mossy bank to lave;
Small, yet embracing smaller rills
The dancing daughter of the hills.

Nameless to me, yet not unnamed
By others as thou leap'st along,
But sweeter far the accents framed
By thine own wild and murmuring tongue;
For fancy on thy pebbled beach
Hears lovely legends in that speech.

Young look'st thou, as if born to-day,
Yet tell'st thou immemorial tales
Of deeds and manners past away
From these dark hills and bloomy vales:
Yon church, and yew, that old appear,
Have risen both since thou wert here.

Old peasants pass thee with a staff—
Old peasants with long silver hair;
Long since thy waters heard their laugh,
And knew their feet as children fair;
Yet here hath age but seeming sway,
'Tis *thou* art old, bright thing, not they.

The shadowing oak, whose turf-clad root
Hath been so long the angler's haunt,
And village minstrel's, with his flute
Preparing for the Sabbath-chaunt;—
That aged oak—that patriarch tree—
Is but a child in years, to thee.

The fields and banks that bound thy path,
They of the ancient earth have changed;
The landmark, and the harvest, hath,
The lord and serf, been oft estranged;—
The memory of most is gone,
Thou, as of old, art smiling on.

The sighs of grieving hearts are fled;
The hopes and vows of lovers—where?
I see the household of the dead
Lie near me, and I answer—*there;*
Forgotten there a thousand lives:—
The tiny rivulet survives!

Yet be it so, dear Sylvan Brook,
And flow along as heretofore;
And let each heart, as in a book,
Read in thy bosom tales of yore;
And sing thou on, till sun and moon
Fall from the Heavens,—thy own sweet tune.

Flow on, and bathe each wilding flower
That lives, and dies, and lives again;
Flow on, blessed by the vernal shower,
And morning dew, and summer rain,
A little emblem of that river
Which flows in Paradise for ever!

PASSING AWAY.

"THE THINGS WE ENJOY ARE PASSING, AND WE ARE PASSING WHO ENJOY THEM."

Abp. Leighton.

I ASKED the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

"We have no light that hath not been given,
We have no strength but shall soon be riven,
We have no power wherein man may trust,
Like him are we, things of time and dust;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence is—Passing away.

"We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream—Passing away."

From the stars of Heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—Passing away!

Passing away, sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill;—
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature—the voice of time—
And man at last, like his fathers grey,
Writes in his own dust—Passing away!

THE ASPEN LEAF.

I would some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height,
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling.

G. Wither.

I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree;
In every fickle breeze to play,
Wildly, weakly, idly, gay,—
So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
By the wing of an insect stirred and swung;
Thrilling e'en to a redbreast's note,
Drooping if only a light mist float,
Brightened and dimmed like a varying glass
As shadow or sunbeam chance to pass;
I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree.
It is not because the autumn sere
Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
That soon, full soon, nor leaf nor stem,
Sunlight would gladden, or dew-drop gem,—

That I, with my fellows, must fall to earth,
Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
Or else on the bough, where all had grown,
Must linger on, and linger alone;—
Might life be an endless summer's day,
And I be for ever green and gay,
I would not be, I would not be,
A leaf on yonder aspen tree!

Proudly spoken heart of mine,
Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,
More, and darker, and sadder to see,
Than befall the leaves of yonder tree!
What if they flutter—their life is a dance;
Or toy with the sunbeam—they live in his glance;
To bird, breeze, and insect, rustle and thrill,
Never the same, never mute, never still,—
Emblems of all that is fickle and gay,
But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay —
Chide them not—heed them not—spirit, away!
In to thyself, to thine own hidden shrine,
What there dost thou worship? what deem'st thou divine?
Thy hopes,—are they stedfast, and holy, and high?
Are they built on a rock? are they raised to the sky?
Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh! whither point they,
To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day?—
Thy friendships and feelings,—doth impulse prevail,
To make them and mar them, as wind swells the sail?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—

What are they? and yield they contentment or shame?
Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state,
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate;
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh!
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy or thy woe;
Thou must live, and live ever, in glory or gloom,
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb.
Look to thyself then, ere past is Hope's reign,
And looking and longing alike are in vain;
Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been, or to be,
But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree!

STANZAS WRITTEN BY THE SEA SHORE.

One evening, as the sun went down,
Gilding the mountains bare and brown,
I wandered on the shore;
And such a blaze o'er ocean spread,
And beauty on the meek earth shed,
I never saw before.

I was not lonely—dwellings fair
Were scattered round and shining there;—
Gay groups were on the green,
Of children wild with reckless glee,
And parents that could child-like be
With them and in that scene.

And on the sea, that looked of gold,
Each toy-like skiff and vessel bold
Glided, and yet seemed still;
While sounds rose in the quiet air,
That mingling made sweet music there,
Surpassing minstrels' skill!

The breezy murmur from the shore—
Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er,
Alike by sire and child,—
The whistle shrill,—the broken song,—
The far-off flute-notes lingering long,—
The lark's strain rich and wild.

I looked, I listened—and the spell
Of music and of beauty fell
So radiant on my heart,—
That scarcely durst I really deem
What yet I would not own a dream,
Lest dream-like it depart.

'Twas sunset in the world around,
And, looking inwards, so I found
'Twas sunset in the soul;
Nor grief, nor mirth, were burning there,
But musings sweet, and visions fair,
In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these, the human mind
Though seeking oft may seldom find,
Or, finding, force to stay;—
As dews upon the drooping flower,
That having shone their little hour,
Dry up—or fall away.

But though all pleasures take their flight,
Yet some will leave memorials bright
For many an after year;—
This sunset, that dull night will shade,
These visions, which must quickly fade,
Will half-immortal memory braid
For me, when far from here!

DIRGE FOR A DEAD PAINTER.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

Death, grim death, when shall we see
  This broad earth no more thy city?
Grave, deep grave, when shall it be
  Thou wilt close thy lips in pity?
When shall love's subduing prayer,
When shall genius, yet more rare,
Mind and worth in blended beauty,
Woo ye from your cold stern duty?
When shall sweetness win back one?
  Never, never—he is gone!

Yet, swift hunter, could'st not give
  Summons ere the hart was stricken?
Grave, that on death's prey dost live,
  Could thy hungry silence quicken
Into no foreboding knell
Ere the unconscious victim fell?

Could ye not give leave to plight
Farewell, ere his day grew night?
Might not sorrow's need have one?
Ye were ruthless! he is gone!

Yesterday, scarce yesterday,
Bright dreams through his brain were flowing,
And his hand with cunning play
To the world those dreams was showing.
Yesterday—and in his eye
Fame had writ her prophecy;
Sealed it on his flexile lips,
Now in dark and mute eclipse;
Could not genius save her son?
Wherefore question? He is gone!

Speak not of his fragile form,
And his often painful pillow—
What may longer bide the storm
Than the delicate drooping willow?
He was lov'd, and love can do
Feats physicians never knew,
With its boundlessness of care,
Mighty hope, and fervent prayer:
Hush, O hush—love's power is none—
It is weeping! he is gone!

Dust to dust; now, dust to dust,
  And we leave his dwelling lowly;
Not another sigh we must,
  If it be not meek and holy;
Whose the arm that smote him down?
Whose the hand took off his crown?
God, alone omnipotent,
Calling back what he had lent—
Come then, friends, and be each one
  Better Christian now he's gone!

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle eve,
When like a king he bore him!
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him:
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;—
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky!

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth,—and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet:
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,—
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and *felt* himself a king?

I saw him next alone;—nor camp,
  Nor chief his steps attended,
Nor banners' blaze, nor coursers' tramp
  With war-cries proudly blended:—
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify,
  He, who with heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave;
Behind, the foe,—before, the wave!

He stood,—fleet, army, treasure gone,
  Alone and in despair!
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
  For *they* were monarchs there;
And XERXES in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
  Must all their fury dare;—
Thy glorious revenge was this,
Thy trophy, deathless Salamis!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE MIND.

X.

THINE are, oh mind! the colours which delight
The artist in his visionary mood!—
Thou art the inspiration and the might—
The deep enchantment of his solitude!
What time nor breath, nor sounds of life intrude—
Where Alps on Alps eternally seem piled—
Then is thy best—thy holiest impulse wooed!
Amid the grand, the wonderful, the wild,
For ever have thy loftiest revelations smiled.

* * * * * *

XVII.

Wresting from death and darkness undecayed
The kindred lineaments we honoured here;
The breast on which our infant brow had laid—
The lips that kissed away our first brief tear—
The all we lost ere yet the funeral bier
Conveyed to our young souls how great a blow
Laid desolate the homes we loved so dear.
Oh heart!—too early wert thou doom'd to know
The grave that held thy sire held all thy hopes below!

XVIII.

Then ah!—for ever sacred be the Art
Which gave me all the grave had left of mine!
I gaze upon this portrait till my heart
Remembers every touch and every line;
And almost do I deem the gift divine,
Direct from heaven, and not from human skill:—
Instinct with love those noble features shine—
The eyes some new expression seem to fill—
And half I know thee dead—half hope thee living still!

XIX.

Through all the orphan loneliness of years
The lyre breathed first to glad my silent way;
Dispelled the gathering night of doubts and fears,
And, like Aurora, wreathed the wings of day!—
No longer drooped my heart to gloom a prey:—
That charm smiled o'er me, even in my dreams—
The source and spirit of all harmony—
Touching the future with romantic beams,
And pouring freshness forth as from exhaustless streams.

XX.

Spirit of Poesy! whom love first sought
Beside the founts of truth—the living springs
Of beauty infinite:—Spirit of thought,
Of youth, hope, joy! Angels arrayed thy wings

In glory, and endowed thy harp's bright strings
With power, with music, and sublimity—
Enwreathed thee with immortal offerings—
Stretched out the heavens before thee far and free,
And sent thy genius forth through all immensity!

XXI.

First from the mount thou saw'st the sea launch'd wide
Through the unfathomed channels of the earth;
Thou saw'st the light flash from Jehovah's side—
The primal wonders of the world burst forth;
Thou heard'st the word that called the skies to birth,
And woke the planets to their watch of years;—
Thou heard'st creation sing his boundless worth,
While like the flashing of ten thousand spears
Out sprung the blazing sun amidst the heavenly spheres!

XXII.

For ever hast thou been a gift of light—
A voice in the eternity of days—
A presence in the everlasting sight,
Soaring where even seraphs fear to gaze—
Snatching the secret fire of heav'ns own rays—
Wielding the thunders in thy fearless hold;
The awful hand alone, that made thee, stays
Thy vast ambition—thine aspirings bold,—
And with its touch of might bids thy wild pinions fold.

* * * * * *

XXXI.

Thou art, oh Poesy!—the heart that speaks,
And will speak on for ever—whilst one chord
Holds true to feeling,—and ere that charm breaks,
The rose shall perish, ne'er to be restored,—
The lark soar hence in silence—the fond word
Of love and early friendship be unknown—
All harmonies of beauty be unheard—
All holy inspirations lose their tone—
And man forsake his home to fall and fall alone!

HOPE.

What is Hope?—The beauteous sun,
Which colours all it shines upon;
The beacon of life's dreary sea,
The star of immortality!—
Fountain of feelings young and warm;
A day-beam bursting through the storm;
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh! too sweet, too pure for earth!
A *blossom* of that radiant tree
Whose *fruit* the angels only see!
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen—enjoyed—confessed—each hour!
A portion of that world to come,
When earth and ocean meet the last o'erwhelming doom.

GIVE ME THE NIGHT.

Give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!
When the stars in the heavens are glittering bright;
When the flowers are asleep on their pillow of leaves,
And no murmur is near, save the sigh the heart heaves;
When the spirit of tenderness hallows each scene,
And Memory turns fondly to days that have been,
When the valley's sweet waters reflect the moonlight—
Oh! give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!

Give me the Night, be it starless and long,
When the gay hall is sounding with music and song,—
When the genius of poetry breathes her deep power!
And, oh! Love itself is more lovely that hour,—
When the dark curls of beauty more gracefully shine,
And the eyes bright by day are at evening divine!
When all is enchantment that blesses the sight—
Oh! give me the Night, love, the beautiful Night!

TO THE EVENING BREEZE.

Art thou a lover, wandering the green lanes,
And murmuring to thyself some legend old,
Strange tale of knight, from dungeon, tower, and chains,
Led by some spirit from the vaulted mould:
Art thou a lover, through the moon's fond hours
Fancying thy bride's cheek in the blushing flowers?

Or mourn'st thou now some faithful heart and dear,
That in the churchyard grey thou stay'st so long?
Leaving upon the tall rank grass a tear,
Sighing thy wild and melancholy song;
Art thou a mourner—thou mysterious wind—
O'er beauty lost?—affections left behind?

All things of earth are radiant with romance,
A spiritual language breathes around;
Even thou—lone wind—that touchest few perchance,
Art still the very poetry of sound;
From thy weak rising to thy wildest hour
Thou sing'st of Life, Eternity, and Power.

THE DREAM.

I dream—but my mind waketh yet;
I speak—but my lips may not move;
Alone—yet *appear* to have met
With the one only being I love!
Turn—turn thy fond eyes from my soul—
Their beauty o'ercomes me in sleep!
A feeling—'twere pain to control!
A bliss—over which I could weep!

Still lead me, dear vision, to-night,
Where the vines and the pomegranates bloom,
Oh, the Garden of Dreams is more bright
Than Sharon's own shrine of perfume:
Where the fount's living waters still flow
Let us wander and drink 'mid the flowers;
Soul in soul—heart in heart—let us grow,
And love be immortally ours!

FIRST LOVE.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where *Time* seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes—all pleasures—all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss;
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss—
And *if* there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

Yes, this is Love—the stedfast and the true—
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew;—
Of all life's sweets the very *sweetest* yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow—
And all was *rapture* then—which is but *memory* now!

Honour may wreathe the victor's brow with bays,
And glory pour her treasures at his feet;
The statesman win his country's honest praise—
Fortune and commerce in our cities meet:
But when—oh! when were earth's possessions sweet—
Unblest with one fond friend those gifts to share?
The lowliest peasant in his calm retreat,
Finds more of happiness, and less of care,
Than hearts unwarmed by LOVE 'mid palace halls must bear!

GOOD FORTUNE.

Good Fortune's hard to overtake,
And then 'tis coy to greet us;
But Ill-luck every turn we make
Runs half the way to meet us!
Then let us fence ourselves around
With friends whose smiles may cheer us;
For Sorrow ne'er so keen is found,
When Friendship's hand is near us!
Oh, Good Fortune's hard to overtake, &c.

That Power which gave the sun its plan,
Its laws to light and warm us,
Fixed in the breast the heart of man,
Like Nature's sun, to charm us;
Then let us bask beneath its light,
Its warmest rays of feeling;
And prove no orb of day nor night
Hath beams like these revealing.
For oh, Good Fortune's hard to overtake, &c.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and Forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform;
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day!

Forgive and Forget! there's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all requires something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive!
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met:
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused to Forgive and Forget.

THE PRINCE OF THE STORM.

I WAS born in a cloud of sulphureous hue—
  Darkness my mother, and Flame my sire;
The earth shook in terror, as forth to its view
  I sprang from my throne like a monarch of fire!
My brother, bold Thunder, hurraed as I sped!
  My subjects laugh'd wild, till the rain from their eyes
Roll'd fast, as though torrents were dash'd over-head,
  Or an ocean had burst through the bounds of the skies!
    I am Prince of the Storm—of the Cloud—of the Air—
      I strike the firm oak that doth ages defy;
    And lo! in an instant 'tis shatter'd and bare—
      For the Lanceman of Death, the red Lightning am I!

Hurrah! what a whirling and rush o'er the land;
  Like the cannon of battle the dark mountains roar;
Whilst around, with my lances of fire in my hand,
  I scatter wild havoc behind and before!—

Hurrah for the forest! with sounds like the ocean,
The boughs heave in billows and groan in the blast!
Then, silent as death, not a branch seen in motion,
They breathless look up when the tempest hath pass'd.
Oh, I'm Prince of the Storm—of the Air—of the Cloud,
I strike the tall rock that doth ages defy,
And lo! in an instant 'tis shiver'd and bowed—
For the Lanceman of Death, the red Lightning am I!

THE BRITISH BOW.

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The gallant, fine old English bow!
Never flashed sword upon the foe,
Like arrow from the good yew bow!
What knight a nobler weapon wields?
Thou victor of a thousand fields,
Are lances, carbines, thy compeers?
No: vouch it, Cressy and Poictiers!
With hearts of oak and bows of yew,
And shafts that like the lightning flew,
Old England wore her proudest crown,
Nor bolt nor brand might strike it down!
Hurrah!

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The merry, true old English bow!
Where fed the stag or sprung the roe,
There bent the ready stout yew bow!
What hoof of speed dared scorn its might?
What plume outsoar its glorious flight?
Oh! joyous was the greenwood then,
And matchless all her own bold men;
Her rovers rude by mount and flood,
Her king of outlaws, Robin Hood!
Right daring, reckless, wild, and free,
Great champion of the brave yew-tree,
Hurrah!

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The stately, firm, old English bow!
What souls with freedom's spirit glow,
That love not thee, heroic bow?
When haughty Gaul deem'd all-secure
The victor's wreath at Agincourt,
Thy shafts, triumphant from the string,
Bore fate and vengeance on their wing,
And well the serried ranks might reel,
When, like a hurricane of steel,
They saw ten thousand barbs assail
Their horse and horsemen, helm and mail!
Hurrah!

Hurrah! the bow, the British bow,
The graceful, light, old English bow!
What island of the world may show
Aught like our own unconquer'd bow?
The guardian of our native wild,
When liberty was yet a child;
Ere yet were launch'd our ships of war,
Our thunderbolts of Trafalgar;
When Nelson was no magic word—
Drake, Hawke, St. Vincent's fame unheard;
Then oh! whilst freedom's bounties flow,
Thrice honour'd be the bow! the bow!
Old England's bow! Hurrah!

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer
boughs among
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light
and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the
lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the
gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and
fruitage rife—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of
mind—
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by;
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask, "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm Imagination paints her marvels to our view;—
Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we beho'd,
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—methought the "dauntless Harold" passed me by—
The proud "Fitz-James," with martial step, and dark intrepid eye;
That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake;
And she,—the bold, the beautiful!—sweet "Lady of the Lake."

The "Minstrel" whose *Last Lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step of wo;
And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when, 'mid fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Vich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dominie" stalk'd past,
With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'erpowered by that afflicting sight;
And "Merrilies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns" appeared, amidst that
burial line;
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for
"Auld lang syne!"
Slow march'd the gallant "Mc. Intyre," whilst "Lovel"
mused alone;
For *once*, "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's
faithful throne.

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came "Mac
Gregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—"Rob Roy's"
bold brow look'd wan:
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted
ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Baillie" sighed, "that I should
see this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and
scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-renowned "Black
Dwarf;"
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose wo might nought avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
And pale "Habakkuk Mucklewrath," who cried, "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,
Passed she,—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jeanie Deans;"
And "Dumbeidikes," that silent laird, with love too *deep* to *smile*,
And "Effie," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood" advanced,
Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mien with eye indignant glanced:—
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song,
stepped near,
The "Knight of Ardenvhor," and *he*, the gifted Highland
Seer;
"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Monteith," and "Ranald,"
met my view;
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "Mhich-
Connel Dhu!"

On swept "Bois Gilbert"—"Front de Bœuf"—"De
Bracy's" plume of wo;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant
"Ivanhoe;"
While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena" closer
drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter of the
Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral
train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy
main;
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were
seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's
beauteous mien!

A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! methought
the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's bard reposed!
A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! and forth
my vision fled!
But, ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal
Scott was dead!

THE DYING MINSTREL.

"And the night's darkness clips me around,
Close girdling, enthralling, profound,
The dreary descent to the tomb."

W. JERDAN.

I HEAR thee, solemn Death !—
Thy deep, dark whispering voice is in my heart ;
There is a warning breath,
Which tells me, with the night I must depart.

And is my fate so nigh—
Are all the hopes, the feelings, cherished long,
Thus in their spring to die,
With the expiring music of my song ?

Youth's glowing leaves—are all
To wither in the winter of the tomb—
Its idols doomed to fall—
Its stars to set in dim, mysterious gloom?

Is there no single ray
That lit the visions of departed hours,
To smile upon my way,
And braid the path of death with some few flowers?

Thou, too, my mother Earth,
Whose silent woods and mountain-streams have grown
A passion from my birth,
I leave thee—soon the grave will take its own!

Never again to hail
Thy summer sunset in the deep blue sky;
Ere then—the moonbeam pale
Will light the lonely church-yard where I lie.

The brook, as wont, will shine—
The lilac-bower perfume our favourite spot—
And roses gaily twine—
When I—am in my quiet shroud forgot.

Thou lute, thou friendly lute—
Whose chords have been the echo of my heart—
Henceforth thou must be mute
To touch of mine—I leave thee—we must part!

My last notes linger yet,
Like twilight o'er thy strings to fade in eve;—
Or lovers that have met
In most unhappy hour to muse and grieve!

Thus murmuring faint and low,—
Like sunless waters to a viewless shore,—
Thy last sad echoes go,—
Never on earth to be remembered more!

THE LYRE.

"There is a living spirit in the Lyre."

MONTGOMERY.

A SOUND came floating by,
O'er the still beauty of the moonlight air;
Soft as a spirit's sigh,
Soothing the death-couch of the young and fair.

A sound came floating free,
A wild and low, and melancholy sound,—
A wandering harmony,
Haunting the slumber of the woods around.

"Whence art thou?"—murmured I—
"Lone visitant of this deserted shrine,—
Whence art thou?—speak, reply—
Answer, thou voice, this troubled heart of mine!"

"Ere yet the shadowy woods
Waved their green honours to the breath of morn;
Ere yet the solitudes
Echoed the song of thunders—I was born!

My voice was known and heard,
When paradise grew glorious with the light
Of Angels!—and the Word
Spake 'midst the stars of first-created night!

My voice was *felt*, when first
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke!
When, like creation's burst,
Proud forests fell, and giant mountains broke!

Mine was the breath that drew
The Patriot forth to guard his native shore;
When lances wildly flew—
And cities trembled to the cannon's roar!

Upon my wings the prayer
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's throne:
My power is everywhere—
In every heart—in every language known!

Still ask'st thou *what* am I?—
Go, ask the Bard whose visions I inspire:
And, oh!—*he* will reply,
The Lyre—the Lyre—the soul-exalting Lyre!"

THE SCHOONER.

"Pourquoi ces sons affreux, ces longs rugissemens,
Ce tumulte confus, ce choc des elemens?
O puissance feconde! O nature immortelle!—
Des Etres animes mere tendre et cruelle!—
Faut il donc qu' aux faveurs dont tu les as combles,
Succedent les fleaux dont ils sont accables?"

ST. LAMBERT.

THE misty sun sank fast
O'er the long and gloomy main,
And the hollow moaning blast
Swept like a burial strain.

Yet swift the vessel flew,
In the spirit of her pride;
And the surges dashed like dew
From her bold, majestic side!

The dim horizon shed
A thin and sickly ray;
The dull, black vapours spread
Like a pall along her way.

Yet lovely 'midst the storm—
As a rainbow on the deep—
Did the Schooner's stately form
O'er the bursting billows sweep!

Blacker and blacker set
The wild, portentous night;
The winds and waters met,
Like demons in their might.

The tempest rode the main,
With death-denouncing speed;
And the giant mast was snapt in twain,
As a child would break a reed!

Then paler fell the cheek—
And dimmer grew the sight—
And lips that wished, yet dared not speak,
Turned cold and ghastly white.

On—on the vessel ran,—
Trembling and wild and bare—
The skill and strength of man
Were dust upon the air.

On—on the vessel burst—
No helm—no cheering ray—
Like a dying thing accurst,
She held her dreadful way!

The breakers girt her round;
One fierce wild shout of fear—
And the roaring waves were the only sound
That reached the landsman's ear!

* * * * *

'Twas a blue and moonlight night,
With a mild and shoreward breeze,
When a lonely wreck hove first in sight,
On the far Ægean seas.

No signal sound arose
From the solitary deck;
She seem'd alone amidst her foes—
That miserable wreck!

From helm to prow no sound
Of living thing was there;—
Some gallant crew a grave had found,
Unblest by earthly prayer!

Deep silence reigned above;
But, ah! the berth below
Displayed a scene of human love—
A scene of human woe!

The beautiful—alas!—
The bright—the better flower
Is ever thus the first to pass
From Love's domestic bower!

A youth, in sickness deep,
Lay breathing weak and low,
As soon the everlasting sleep
Would settle on his brow.

And there—in all the pride
Of early bloom and grace,
A fair-haired girl knelt by his side,
With meekly beauteous face.

With blue, beseeching eyes,
In stedfast hope upraised!—
She seemed a sister of the skies,—
So holy was that gaze!

And smote the hand of Death
Thus mildly in its might?
Lived there on that sweet lip no breath—
In those blue eyes no light?

Oh! lovely and not dark,
Death, is thy mild decay,
When the immortal spark
Yet radiates our clay!

A gleam of daylight set,
May gild the cloud of eve,
And the soul's light linger yet
O'er the form it sighed to leave!

Serene she knelt in *death,*
Beside the sufferer's bed;
The youth lay warm with life's free breath!—
The weary watcher dead!

THE TEMPLE OF VICTORY.

"Spectandus in certamine martio,
Devota morti pectora liberæ
Quantis fatigaret ruinis;
Indomitas prope qualis undas."

HORACE.

THE glorious spears of war
Gleam o'er the calm blue wave;
Voices and lutes afar
Sing pæans to the brave:
Cittern, and lyre, and trumpet-strain,
Breathe of the red victorious plain!

Wreath, wreath the laurel crown;
Swell forth the glad acclaim;
Bid glory and renown
Record each valiant name:
The mighty ones who by your side
For Hellas fought!—for Hellas died!

Fill, fill the banquet board,
Your standards wave on high,
Chiefs of the shrine and sword!—
Brothers of victory!—
Bring forth the guerdon of your toil,—
The gold, the captives, and the spoil.

Brightly and fast the waves
Bear on the warriors now;
The tide in beauty laves
Each tall barque's silver prow:
A myriad dashing oars sweep by,
And shouts of conquest shake the sky!

Open your gates of brass,
Ye temples!—and receive
The brave whose deeds surpass
What ages may achieve!
Pour on the consecrated shrine
The offering bright of ruby wine.

Upon your tables trace,
In characters of light
Which time shall ne'er efface,
The victors of the fight!
Immortal be they on your page,—
Stars which may light an after age!

O! beautiful thou art,
Land of my sires!—to me
Of heaven thou seem'st a part;—
A charm—a mystery
Broods o'er thy hills—thy pleasant bowers—
Thy vine-clad plains—thy leaves and flowers.

Mother of heroes!—long
May valour guard thy breast,
Thou terror of the strong!
Thou shield of the opprest!
Wither the tyrant's deadly hand,
That would enchain my native land!

Evan Evohe!—Hear!—
Thy noble patriots come:
They have brought golden cheer,
Riches and triumph, home!—
Sound, sound the tidings far and free,—
Evan Evohe!—Victory!

BOYHOOD.

"Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

COWPER.

THE dreams of early youth,
How beautiful they are—how full of joy—
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shews not a taint of sin's alloy.

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed—
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

The summer morn's fresh hours—
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious hues:
Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty *then,* is where to choose!

The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces—its gorgeous fanes—
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains,—

These never shine again,
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze:
The clouds which may remain
Paint *other visions* than in those sweet days!

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would make realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would wish realities were dreams!

REV. DR. MC. ALL.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

He that lived on earth a stranger,
Groaned in anguish, suffered loss,
Lay in Bethl'hem's humble manger,
Died on Calvery's bloody cross:
Now though clouds of Heaven conceal him,
Robed in glory, from our sight,
Soon their parting shall reveal him
Bursting through a flood of light!

Sinners! think—his name despising
While afar his chariot stays—
When ye see the dead arising
'Mid the world's expiring blaze,
Earth departing, Heaven unfolding,
Angels marshall'd at his feet,
How shall ye, the pomp beholding,
This neglected Saviour meet?

Conscience oft, by midnight shaded,
When no other eye is near,
Calls on crimes from mem'ry faded,
Bright as noontide to appear;
But when worlds on worlds assemble,
And the lightning flames abroad,
How shall then your spirits tremble—
Tremble at the throne of God!

THE STARS.

Ye twinkling stars! refulgent gems!
Which deck the diadem of night,
Form a new coronet for him
Who gives you all your silver light:

For him who made your spheres at first,
And into crowns your splendours wove,
For him who sheds his brightest beams
Through all the regions where you move.

Once, when the world in darkness lay,
And night's thick gloom involved the sky,
Ye joined to form "nocturnal day,"
Poured on the shepherd's wakeful eye.

When, lo! a brighter orb arose,
Whose light the world ne'er saw before,
Startling the weary from repose,
While your bright beams were seen no more.

That orb, so bright and so divine,
Was but forerunner to his rays,
Around whose awful head entwine
The fires of love—the lightning's blaze.

CONSOLATION IN DEATH.

Trembling on life's awful verge,
Stands the waiting pilgrim's soul,
Sees, beyond, the shadowy surge
In o'erwhelming darkness roll;
Conflicting with hope and fear,
Longs, yet dreads to enter there.

But a voice across the wave
Bids her fears, her sorrows cease—
"Jesus has an arm to save,
Heaven shall prove a port of peace,
Boundless though the tide appear,
Thou shalt ride in safety here."

Darkness flies—the floods are still
While those accents melt away;
And around, from Zion's hill,
Bright reflected glories play:
Rapture fills the fragrant air,
Silence tells that God is there!

Angels, who your vigil hold
Ever on that solemn land,
When the waters I behold,
Frowning rise, on every hand,
Then your sweetest songs prepare,
And I'll haste to meet you there.

W. H. AINSWORTH.

YOLANDE.

A GOLDEN flower embroidering,
A lay of love low murmuring;
Secluded in the eastern tower
Sits fair Yolande within her bower:
Fair—fair Yolande!
Suddenly a voice austere,
With sharp reproof breaks on her ear:—
Her mother 'tis who silently
Has stolen upon her privacy—
Ah! fair Yolande!
"Mother! why that angry look?—
Mother! why that sharp rebuke?
Is it that I while away
My solitude with amorous lay?
Or, is it that my thread of gold
Idly I weave, that thus you scold
Your own Yolande—your own Yolande?"

"It is not that you while away
Your solitude with amorous lay;
It is not that your thread of gold
Idly you weave, that thus I scold
My fair Yolande!
"Your want of caution 'tis I chide;—
The Baron fancies that you hide,
Beneath the cushion on your knee,
A letter from the Count Mahi:—
Ah! fair Yolande!
"Busy tongues have filled his brain
With jealousy and frantic pain;
Hither hastes he with his train!—
And *if* a letter there shou'd be
Concealed 'neath your embroidery?
Say no more. But give it me,
My own Yolande—my own Yolande!"

THE COFFIN.

In a church-yard, upon the sward, a coffin there was laid,
And leaning stood, beside the wood, a sexton on his spade.
A coffin old and black it was, and fashioned curiously,
With quaint device of carved oak, in hideous fantasie.

For here was wrought the sculptured thought of a tormented face,
With serpents lithe that round it writhe, in folded strict embrace ;
Grim visages of grinning fiends were at each corner set,
And emblematic scrolls, mort heads, and bones, together met.

"Ah, well-a-day!" that sexton gray unto himself did cry,
"Beneath that lid much lieth hid—much awful mysterie.
It is an ancient coffin from the abbey that stood here ;
Perchance it holds an abbot's bones, perchance those of a frere.

"In digging deep, where monks do sleep, beneath yon cloister shrined,
That coffin old, within the mould, it was my chance to find;
The costly carvings of the lid I scraped full carefully,
In hope to get at name or date, yet nothing could I see.

"With pick and spade I've plied my trade for sixty years and more,
Yet never found beneath the ground shell strange as that before;
Full many coffins have I seen—have seen them deep or flat—
Fantastical in fashion—none fantastical as that."

And saying so, with heavy blow the lid he shattered wide,
And pale with fright, a ghastly sight that sexton gray espied;
A miserable sight it was, that loathsome corpse to see,
The last, last, dreary, darksome stage of fallen humanity.

Though all was gone, save reeky bone, a green and grisly heap,
With scarce a trace of fleshly face, strange posture did it keep;
The hands were clenched, the teeth were wrenched, as if the wretch had risen,
E'en after death had ta'en his breath, to strive and burst his prison.

The neck was bent, the nails were rent, no limb or joint
was straight;
Together glued, with blood imbued, black and coagulate;
And as the sexton stooped him down, to lift the coffin
plank,
His fingers were defiled all o'er with slimy substance dank.

"Ah, well-a-day!" that sexton gray unto himself did cry,
"Full well I see how fate's decree foredoomed this wretch
to die;
A living man, a breathing man, within the coffin thrust,
Alack! alack! the agony ere he returned to dust."

A vision drear did then appear unto that sexton's eyes;
Like that poor wight before him straight he in a coffin
lies.
He lieth in a trance within that coffin close and fast;
Yet though he sleepeth now, he feels he shall awake at last.

The coffin then by reverend men is borne with footstep
slow,
Where tapers shine before the shrine, where breathes the
requiem low;
And for the dead the prayer is said, for the soul that is not
flown,
Then all is drowned in hollow sound, the earth is o'er him
thrown!

He draweth breath—he wakes from death to life more horrible,
To agony! such agony! no living tongue may tell.
Die! die! he must, that wretched one! he struggles, strives in vain;
No more heaven's light, nor sunshine bright, shall he behold again.

"Gramercy, Lord!" the sexton roared, awakening suddenly,
"If this be dream, yet doth it seem most dreadful so to die.
Oh, cast my body in the sea! or hurl it on the shore!
But nail me not in coffin fast—no grave will I dig more."

THE CHURCH-YARD YEW.

A NOXIOUS tree is the church-yard yew,
As if from the dead its sap it drew;
Dark are its branches, and dismal to see,
Like plumes at Death's latest solemnity.
Spectral and jagged, and black as the wings
Which some spirit of ill o'er a sepulchre flings:
Oh! a terrible tree is the church-yard yew,
Like it is nothing so grimly to view.

Yet this baleful tree hath a core so sound,
Can nought so tough in the grove be found:
From it were fashioned brave English bows,
The boast of our isle, and the dread of its foes.
For our sturdy sires cut their stoutest staves
From the branch that hung o'er their fathers' graves;
And though it be dreary and dismal to view,
Stanch at the heart is the church-yard yew.

LA GITANILLA.

By the Guadalquiver,
  Ere the sun be flown,
By that glorious river
  Sits a maid alone.
Like the sunset splendour
  Of that current bright,
Shone her dark eyes tender
  As its witching light;
Like the ripple flowing,
  Tinged with purple sheen,
Darkly, richly, glowing,
  Is her warm cheek seen.
    'Tis the Gitanilla
      By the stream doth linger,
    In the hope that eve
      Will her lover bring her.

See, the sun is sinking!
  All grows dim, and dies;
See, the waves are drinking
  Glories of the skies.

Day's last lustre playeth
On that current dark;
Yet no speck betrayeth
His long-looked-for bark.
'Tis the hour of meeting!
Nay, the hour is past;
Swift the time is fleeting!
Fleeteth hope as fast.
Still the Gitanilla
By the stream doth linger,
In the hope that night
Will her lover bring her.

Swift that stream flows on,
Swift the night is wearing,—
Yet she is not gone,
Though with heart despairing.
Dips an oar—plash—hark!
Gently on the river;
'Tis her lover's bark,
On the Guadalquiver.
Hark! a song she hears!
Every note she snatches;
As the singer nears,
Her own name she catches.
Now the Gitanilla
Stays not by the water—
For the midnight hour
Hath her lover brought her.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

TO —— ——

When last we parted, lady, 'twas in tears;
Thy cheek was dimmed with sorrow's trickling dew,
And from my heart the grief of many years,
Hoarded 'till nigh forgotten, burst anew,
Sad offerings to love and memory true.
Shall ever memory faint, or love be cold?
Ah, no! that cheek may lose its breathing hue,
And those dear eyes their living beams withhold,
But love shall still endure, with faith unknown, untold!

Accept the tribute that to thee I bring,
(It is the first, and it will be the last,)
The leisure fruit of fancy's wandering:
But fancy rules no more—her sway is past,
And into other paths my course is cast;
Me now no more shall fiction's dreams beguile;
Their hues, like fading rainbows, vanish fast;
My feet shall tread in ways of drearier toil,
And fiction hide her wealth and poesy her smile.

Yet, if to me a loftier lyre were given,
And round my harp were twined a brighter wreath;
If I could snatch immortal verse from heaven,
And pour its melody to souls beneath,
It may be that I would not cease to breathe
Thy name in accents love should make divine,
And round thy beauteous brows a band enwreath,
A garland bright, whose flowers should brightly shine,
More lovely, and more bright, when sunned by smiles of thine!

THE MANDRAKE.

The mandrake grows 'neath the gallows tree,
And rank and green are its leaves to see;
Green and rank as the grass that waves
O'er the unctuous earth of graves,
And though all around it be bleak and bare,
Freely the mandrake flourisheth there.
Maranatha! Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora.
Euthanasy!

At the foot of the gibbet the mandrake springs,
Just where the creaking carcase swings;
Some have thought it engendered
From the fat that drops from the bones of the dead;
Some have thought it a human thing;
But this is a vain imagining.
Maranatha! Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora.
Euthanasy!

A charnel leaf doth the mandrake wear,
A charnel fruit doth the mandrake bear;
Yet none like the mandrake hath such great power,
Such virtues reside not in herb or flower;
Aconite, hemlock, or moonshade, I ween,
None hath a poison so subtle and keen.
Maranatha! Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora.
Euthanasy!

And whether the mandrake be create
Flesh with the flower incorporate,
I know not; yet, if from the earth 'tis rent,
Shrieks and groans from the root are sent;
Shrieks and groans, and a sweat, like gore,
Oozes and drops from the clammy core.
Maranatha! Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora.
Euthanasy!

Whoso gathereth the mandrake shall surely die;
Blood for blood is his destiny.
Some who have plucked it have died with groans,
Like to the mandrake's expiring moans;
Some have died raving, and some beside—
With penitent prayers—but *all* have died.
Jesu! save us, by night and day!
From the terrible death of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

THE CROW.

The carrion crow is a sexton bold,
He raketh the dead from out the mould;
He delveth the ground like a miser old,
Stealthily hiding his store of gold.

The carrion crow hath a coat of black,
Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back;
Like a lawyer he grubbeth—no matter what way—
The fouler the offal, the richer his prey.

The carrion crow hath a dainty maw,
With savoury pickings he crammeth his craw;
Kept meat from the gibbet it pleaseth his whim,
It never can *hang* too long for him.

The carrion crow smelleth powder, 'tis said,
Like a soldier escheweth the taste of cold lead;
No jester or mime hath more marvellous wit,
For wherever he lighteth he maketh a hit.

Caw! Caw! the Carrion Crow!
Dig! Dig! in the ground below!

REV. R. PARKINSON.

SAINT BEGA'S ABBEY.

PART FIRST.

Bright was the hour, on sea and on land,
When Saint Bega left the Irish strand,
The breeze was up, and the sun was high,
And the clouds that freckled the azure sky
Gave a soothing repose to the splendours of noon,
Like the spots on the face of the modest moon.
Each wave, as it danced to the pebbled shore,
Was tipp'd with a crest of foam-bells hoar,
And played round the vessel as if in glee
That borne on its bosom Saint Bega should be:
For she was one by favouring Heaven
To mortals in its bounty given,
Too fair for earth—too pure to dwell
In aught save holy cave or cell;

There the lone hours to watch and pray,
To waste her loveliness away,
And strive, by penance and by pain,
To quell fond hopes and wishes vain;
Then from dark cell to issue forth,
To spread glad tidings through the North,
And leave the world a name to move
The heart to worship and to love.
She had listened with sorrow and grief to the tale
That the faith in wild Cambria did falter and fail;
That its nobles were tyrants throughout the land,
Cruel of heart, and bloody of hand,
Striving the lordship in fury to gain,
And shedding the blood of their vassals like rain;
That the vassals were darkling, and poor, and proud,
Silent at mattins, in cursing loud,
Plundering the sea, and robbing the land,—
And such was the state of dark Cumberland.
Her heart was moved at so sad a tale,
She wept that the faith in the North should fail,
And she sail'd from Green Erin, with bedesman and monk,
To expel the dark cloud that o'er Cambria had sunk.

Fair is the breeze as on her way
The holy vessel glides,
And laughing waves in gladness play,
Are rippling round her sides.
High on the poop Saint Bega sings
A solemn hymn of praise.

While sea-mews droop their snowy wings
As listening to her lays.
Now the tall crest of Man uprears
His double front on high,
And Cambria's distant shore appears,
Darkening the eastern sky;
The sun sinks in the crimson west,
The breeze no longer blows,
And sea, and air, and sky, at rest,
Lie wrapt in calm repose.

But who on earth may boast unchanging peace?
Who can bid storm and rage for ever cease?
The best, the holiest, are doomed to know
That hours of bliss but herald hours of woe.
Scarce had the sun the breast of ocean kissed,
Ere from its bosom rose a deadly mist;
Wing'd with the wind, and armed with lightning flame,
Full on that holy ship the tempest came.
Then, as in fury, rose the angry seas,
Sail, mast, and cordage shivered in the breeze,
And monk and sailor, quell'd alike with fear,
Embraced with darling hand their mistress dear;
She, all unmoved, and firm in holy faith,
Gazed with calm eye on that dark scene of death,
Wiped the dank sea-spray from her marble brow,
And thus to thee, bright Virgin! pledged her vow:—

"Virgin fair! and maiden mild!
For the sake of thy sinless Child,
For the sake of Cambria's race,
Sunk in sorrow and disgrace,

For the sake of her who goes
To dissipate their sins and woes,
Grant thy votaress one request—
Lull this fiery storm to rest,
And wherever my vessel first touches the land,
To thy name and thy glory a temple shall stand."
She spoke, and at once ceased the billows' commotion;
There was silence in Heaven,—there was peace on the ocean!

PART SECOND.

On the smooth bosom of the quiet sea
The gentle vessel cuts her sunny way;
Fair is the breeze that bears her gallantly,
And bright the sunbeams that around her play.
While on the pillowed prow Saint Bega lay,
Pouring to Heaven her grateful hymn of praise,
Whose hand had chased the bitter storm away;
Preserving thus her life for brighter days,
And nobler acts, to claim the unborn poet's lays.

Before her eyes in sunshine now
The shores of England lay;
Tall Tomlyn with his rocky brow,
And Fleswick with its bay.

And there, where the receding land
Leaves girdle brown of solid sand,
And a small streamlet finds its way
To ocean through a narrow bay,
There, without aid of sail or oar,
Her gentle bark first touched the shore.

It was the eve of a midsummer day
When Saint Bega first gazed on the castle grey
That frowns on the brink of the Ehn's sweet river,
Built there by De Meschienes to stand for ever:
For he was the lord of the region around,
His eye could not reach its utmost bound,
And "Look you to mountain, or look you to sea,
The land that you gaze on is mine," said he.
With step of impatience and thought profound,
He paced the dark ramparts of Egremond round,
When his step was arrested, his thoughts disarrayed,
At the sight of a lovely and kneeling maid;
The sea-spray still glistened amidst her dark hair,
All pale was her forehead, her bosom was bare.
"Lord of the region round," she cried, with hands upraised,
and eyes
Now fixed upon that Baron's face, now gazing on the skies,
"List to my tale—from Erin's shores to England fair I
came,
To turn this land from Paganrie—Saint Bega is my name.
As o'er the ocean broad I sailed my bark was tempest-tost,
And but for holy Mother's care, I surely had been lost!

She heard my prayer, she heard my vow, that where my
foot should land,
Ev'n there, to her eternal praise, a temple bright should
stand.
Do thou then, lord of all this land, to me that spot resign,
And for thy gracious charity my prayers shall still be
thine."
She spoke;—it would have made you mourn,
Your very heart it would have torn
To mark that baron's eye;
Round and round he proudly gazed,
His eyes with fiendish triumph blazed,
His threatening hand to heaven he raised,
And thus he made reply;—
"I give my lovely lands to thee!
Thou wanderer of the main!
Yes! small the boon thou seek'st of me,
That boon thou shalt obtain.
To-morrow is midsummer day we know,
Sure time for frost and cold!
And every rood that is covered with snow
Shall be thine to have and to hold."
He spoke in scorn; the maiden then
Whispered one feeble word—"Amen!"
The baron turned to his castle fair,
The lady bent herself in prayer.

It is not given to man to know
Another's bliss, another's woe!

Each bosom has its own sharp pain,
Enough to suffer and sustain :
Or you might picture well the smart
That shot to that bold baron's heart,
When gazing, on the morrow's dawn,
O'er hill and valley, wood and lawn,
He marked the region, high and low,
Wrapped in a wondrous robe of snow!
Deep Wastdale's Screes and Crags so white
Were glittering in the morning light,
And Ennerdale's tall pillar wore
His winter coronet once more.
The vale of Lowes was spotted o'er,
From rock to lake, with patches hoar;
And Preston's fertile Isle was seen
To shroud in white her summer green!
The baron's haughty heart was riven,—
He saw revealed the hand of Heaven,
He stoop'd him to the stern decree;
He humbly bent that maid before,
And by the holy rood he swore
Her will his only guide should be.
So she built to the Virgin Saint Bega's Abbaye,
Who her life from the sea had defended,
And wherever the snow fell on midsummer day,
There the rights of her Chantry extended!

Maiden! that now, unseen, unknown,
Riding thy self-directed throne,

Hover'st around the scene where thou
Hast prayed thy prayer and vow'd thy vow,
Still may thy hope and wish be crown'd
Of spreading light and life around!
Still 'mid thine own time-hallowed ground
May Truth's pure messengers be found,
With all the fiery love and zeal
Thy wild and fearless age could feel,
With all the wisdom of our own,
To make the Gospel summons known!
Then, though bereft of all the power
And wealth that were its early dower,
Though ruined walls but ill proclaim
The glories of its ancient fame,
Still shall thy hallowed fame be found
The watch-light of the region round,
Flinging its peaceful beams afar,
Till rising of the Morning Star!

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOAT.

Pull! pull! my boys, the stream runs fast,
And favouring is the gale:
And see, the setting sun has cast
A shadow o'er the vale;
Our course is rough, the way is long,
The light is sinking fast;
Pull! pull! my boys, your oars are strong,
And favouring is the blast.

How bounds the boat beneath each stroke
The labouring arm applies!
How, by the dashing oars awoke,
The air-blown bubble flies!
How sweet, as on its watery wings
The steady pinnace glides,
To listen to the stream that sings
And ripples round its sides!

Fast flies on either hand the bank,
As down the stream we bound;
How soon yon towering mountain sank
Beneath the swelling ground!
See on that hillock's verdant brow
The sun's last radiance quiver;
We turn this jutting point—and now—
The beam is gone for ever!

So floats our life down Time's rough stream,
Such is its constant motion;
And bubbles on the land will gleam
Like bubbles on the ocean.
Then pull, my boys, the stream runs fast,
The sun's last beam is shining,
And fix your steady anchor fast,
Before the day's declining!

J. RIDDAL WOOD.

ANGEL VISITS.

(DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.)

V.

THERE was a monstrous wildness in the air;
All animals, with instinct terror, fled,
Or breathless sank, as given to despair;
The swelling clouds look'd wrathfully and red;
The sun behind the hills yet lingered,
Reluctant to behold the horrid scene;
Whilst many rose from their accustomed bed
With heart as light as though the skies serene
Had slumbered whilst they wrought their last disgusting sin.

* * * * * *

IX.

There you might see dismay in every form;
All attitudes, all aspects, desperate;
And yet, amidst the desolating storm,
Some cursed their fellows,—mad with rage and hate;
Some charged on God their pitiable fate;
Some proud of heart, and all impenitent,
Laugh'd hideously; some cowering sate,
Soul withered; some, iron-hearted, rent
The sky with horrid shrieks,—daring the Omnipotent.

X.

In mute amazement, on that awful morn,
The warrior rose; nor poised his shield, nor drew
His useless sword, nor frowned, as oft in scorn,
When daring mortal foe; whilst vengeance threw
Heaven's burning wrath around; the lightning's hue
Reflecting on his dark and livid brow,
Revealed the worm within; the lurid blue
Danced on his quivering lips; unwont to bow,
The terrors of his God soon laid the rebel low.

XI.

Some, conscience-smitten, stood with powerless limb,
Unnerved, unstrung, and listless with affright;
The soft blue eyes of beauty waxed dim,
And he that flattered once now shunn'd the sight;
The ruby lip empurpled,—deathly white;
The cheek, late pencill'd o'er with velvet blooms,
Not slow, nor gradual, but with sudden blight;
From youth to age, from sunshine to the gloom,
That death's cold visage wears, when gathered to the tomb.

XII.

The delicate and timid virgin sped,
Unflattered, unadorned, unnoticed there;
Forsaken of her lovers all, and wed
To dissolution pale, and grim despair;

Among the ringlets of her glossy hair
The tempest's blasts in sportive fury played;
As wildly on she flew, with bosom bare,
She stumbled o'er a corpse, and sank dismayed,
Nor moved, till half consumed, she faintly shrieked for aid.

* * * * * *

XIV.

'Twas dreadful in the multitude to mark
The cheerless blind, with melancholy tread,
Groping their way amidst the unnatural dark,
And stumbling o'er the dying and the dead!
In vain they stood, or fell, or wavering fled;
In vain implored relief on bended knee;
Irresolute some shook, unnerved with dread;
Some languid sinking, briefly ceased to be;
Some braved the falling fire, and died in agony!

* * * * * *

XVII.

There the young mother clasped her first-born child;
Fear at her heart, and madness in her mien,
She hurried on, distractedly and wild,
But succour there was none from that dread scene:
Shrieking, the pauses of the storm between,
The bursting thunder gave a dread reply;
Sinking, her babe she fondly thought to screen
In her convulsed embrace; swift to destroy,
The shower soon cut them off,—that mother and her boy!

* * * * * *

XXI.

Among the guilty crowd that vainly stretch
Their eyes to Him on whose commands they trod,
Behold Adoram ! poor deluded wretch !
Forsaking and forsaken of his God !
Heaven blessed his youth, but now it's awful nod
Awakes the apostate from his dreams of pride ;
In vain he seeks to escape the avenging rod
That long had threatened and was long defied ;
In vain he rushes forth to escape the fiery tide.

XXII.

For him no more shall peaceful eve return,
No smiling morn his waking eyes shall greet ;
O'er him no lonely widow'd heart shall mourn,
No children their lost father's name repeat ;
No requiem music, melancholy sweet,
Shall soothe the sorrow of one weeping friend ;
All he had loved his dreadful doom must meet,
Linked to his own their destinies impend ;
There dawns no hope, no intermission, and no end.

* * * * * *

XXIV.

And now with sudden sweep it comes ! it comes !
The arrowy sleet pours horribly around ;
The thick and scalding shower, that all consumes,
Falls on his houseless head. Hark ! the hoarse sound

Of bellowing thunder makes the hills rebound;
Anon he faints with agony;—then falls
Prone, writhing on the sulphur-flaming ground;
Eternity his inmost soul appals;
Too late his dying voice for outraged mercy calls.

XXV.

He died, as sinners die, without a hope!
The same convulsive quiverings of frame,
Intense yet brief; the same revolting group
Of demon forms before him darkly swam;
His haggard brow and glaring eye the same;
The same recoiling from the dark unknown,
Where faithful conscience pictured worlds of flame;
The same forebodings dire,—desponding tone,—
Wild parting mortal strife,—and last terrific groan!

XXVI.

In that deep agonizing groan's despite,
A spirit wing'd for immortality
Forsook the clay on her tremendous flight!
The smile of mercy never more to see!
No angel bands with holy minstrelsy,
Hailing her advent to the eternal shore,
But damned souls, in restless agony,
Made darkness echo with their hideous roar;
Earth failed! hope fled! hell yawned! she sank to rise no more!

XXVII.

The lofty cedar, whose proud form had stood
The storms of centuries, was wreathed in fire;
The giant oak, coeval with the flood,
Blazed upwards, waving its terrific spire,
Like some red torch at Sodom's funeral pyre,
Whilst lurid lightnings arched the vaulted sky!
Oh! who may stand the Almighty's judgments dire?
All living things in with'ring anguish die,
When God, the God of Glory, sweeps in anger by.

XXVIII.

Where are the scoffers? where their idols now?
Where the loose dance, and lewd lascivious song?
The shameful practice, and the shameless brow?
Where the proud leader of the impious throng,
With all the wily serpent on his tongue,—
With all the savage traitor in his soul?
In one tremendous ruin borne along,
Where once they dwelt, still dying thunders roll;
Booming along the waste their solemn funeral toll!

* * * * * *

XXXII.

O'er what a host the eternal veil is drawn!
What various matter sleeps entombed there!
What hopes cut off from being in their dawn!
What phantom fears are vanished into air!

What sinful joys exchanged for endless care!
What sorrows lost in deeper, deadlier woes!
What loves revealed but to the tempest's glare,
Then quenched for ever! What tormenting throes
Of strong tumultuous passion those dark wastes enclose!

XXXIII.

What proud imaginations overthrown!
What hell-conceived deeds of villany
Cut short in action, ere completely blown!
What acts of cruelty no eye might see,
Arraign'd and punished there by Heaven's decree!
What base desires to fulness satisfied!
What exquisite despair and misery!
What impious blasphemies, that once defied
The Thunderer in his power,—those gloomy ashes hide!

XXXIV.

The vainly warn'd perish at length unwarn'd!
Thus fell the guilty cities of the plain;
The morn with beams of orient light adorn'd
The temples and abodes of the profane;
But, lo! one shower of Heaven's avenging rain,
And idols, with their retinue of slaves,
Were smoking ruins ere it dawn'd again!
And now, with dismal moan, the Dead Sea waves
Have restless ages roll'd above those scoffers' graves!

OH! BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Oh! beautiful star, with thine aspect of light
Adorning eternity's mantle of blue,
Were thy silvery features more lovely and bright
When they smiled on the scene whilst the world was yet new?

Oh! I who address thee am but of a day,
And to-morrow thy fadeless and radiant eye
Shall witness me wither and vanish away,
And smile on my grave from thy throne in the sky.

But though fix'd to one time, like a point in vast space,
My soul is unpinion'd, and often doth cast
A glance o'er the gloom of the future, or trace
The varied events that have peopled the past.

Thou hast seen,—thou hast seen, in thy deathless career,
All, and more than the records of ages have told:
Thou shalt see, from thy distant and shadowy sphere,
What few but thyself and thy Maker behold.

Oh, tell me, wert thou of that glorious throng
That witness'd creation's bright beauties unfurl'd?
That thrill'd to the music and join'd in the song,
When morning stars welcom'd the birth of the world?

Then man was instinct with celestial fire,
And nature was graced with perennial bloom;
Now these are exchang'd for the thorn and the briar,
The bed of affliction, the mourner, the tomb.

Didst thou see the wide flood in its horrible sweep
Roll proudly, and usher the world to its grave?
Didst thou, when the ark was alone on the deep,
First whisper of hope o'er the desolate wave?

When the armies of midnight were marshall'd on high,
And earth with her children to slumber was given,
Didst thou witness the Bethlehem shepherds draw nigh,
And list the melodious pæans of heaven?

And haply thy mild and ethereal ray
In the east where it rose was arrested till morn,
Inviting the Chaldean Magi away
To the lowly retreat where the Saviour was born.

Again wert thou call'd to look earthward, and lo!
There were darkness, and earthquakes, and thunderings dire:
The sun had withdrawn from the vision of woe,
And man—only man, saw the Saviour expire!

I too must behold him when time shall be done,
The angels his train and the lightnings his car;
The earth shall be burnt and extinguish'd the sun;
And thou too shalt perish, "Oh! beautiful star!"

TWILIGHT.

(FROM THE "ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.")

Oh! lovely hour of twilight, when on high
The shadowy veil of eve is gently thrown,
And day's last struggles tinge the western sky
With radiant streaks of glory all its own;
Whilst earth with flowers and Heaven with stars are strown,
And zephyrs on the stirless foliage sleep:
If this the footstool, what must be the throne,
The sapphire throne, where choirs ethereal sweep
Their golden lyres, and all is love, pure, peaceful, deep!

STANZAS.

Oh! lay me not in the common yard,
Where neglected thousands rot;—
By the public way
In the city gay
I pray you lay me not.

Enshrine me not in the vaulted tomb,
'Mid the pomp of earthly pride,
Where the fallen great
In mute splendour meet
To slumber side by side.

I ask no marble monument
When closed life's fleeting span,
Or empty name
On the scroll of fame,
Or more perishing breath of man.

But when the angel of death shall come
And bear my soul away,
In his viewless car
To the realms afar
From this withering form of clay,—

In some retired and peaceful nook
Prepare my humble bed,
And my form entrust
To her kindred dust,
Till the grave gives up her dead.

The only monument I would crave
Shall be to the praise of Him
Who in mercy and love
Came down from above
The lost and undone to redeem.

And then when pyramids totter and fall,
And the marble is worn away;
When the mountains shall nod
At the trumpet of God,
I shall burst from my prison of clay.

Though in weakness I die, yet in power shall rise—
This mortal immortal put on;
And faith lost in sight
Shall dwell in the light
Of the Lamb in the midst of the throne!

WILLIAM MORT.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

"We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told."—Psalms

Child! that so securely clingest
To thy mother's side,
And thine arm around her flingest
Lest some harm betide!
Thou who art so archly smiling,
Void of care thy brow;
No wrong thought thy soul defiling—
Child, how old art thou?
And the child looked up with a face of glee,
Which beamed with a smile of ecstasy;
But his lisping tongue no words expressed,
As he closer clung to his mother's breast;
And the guileless glance of that sinless eye
Was all the innocent one's reply.

Boy! that mournfully art creeping
To thy tasks to-day,
And to-morrow high art leaping
On thy joyous way;
Thou, whose every thought is bounded
By the present *now:*
Thy prospects all by hope surrounded—
Boy, how old art thou?
And the boy answered haughtily,
And his bosom swelled perceptibly:
"Call me not Boy—I am in my teens,
And long have forgotten my childhood's scenes;
And five brief years will soon be gone,
Then hail! all hail! to twenty-one.
Hurrah! for the day that shall set me free,
When none shall dare to dictate to me!"

Man! that through the crowded city
Passest in thy prime,
Doling forth superfluous pity
To the sons of time;
Thou, whose half of life is wasted,
Unredeemed thy vow;
Religion's waters scarcely tasted—
Man! how old art thou?
And the man replied abstractedly,
In a voice that sounded remorsefully:
"Oh! ask me not—the days are past,
That I vainly thought for aye would last!

The plans that I formed in my early years
Have brought to me only griefs and tears;
And those whom in youth I did most despise
Have been lifted up in the nation's eyes,
Whilst, unimproved, the powerful sway
Of my forty summers hath passed away!"

Grey-haired eld! that totterest weakly
'Cross thy chamber floor,
Drinking sounds, benign and meekly,
Soon thou'lt hear no more!
Thou whom "mere oblivion" shroudeth—
Whose last days are now—
Ere "sans speech" upon thee crowdeth,
Say, how old art thou?

And the grey-haired man essayed to speak,
And a tear passed over his withered cheek;
But there came no sound—he bowed his head—
His age untold, he was with the dead!

THE BRIDE.

"She was not made
Through years and moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny!"

BYRON.

SHE left her father's land, and the birth-place of her mother,
She broke the bonds of sisterhood, she parted from her brother,
And with one of distant country she crossed the open sea,
Her husband bore her to his home—thy fair land, Italy!

He bore her to his native home, and who shall blame the pride
That swell'd his breast while gazing on his beauteous English bride?
He took her to the valley where his boyhood had been pass'd,
And he pointed out the mountain where he looked upon it last.

He led her to his aged sire—his mother long was dead—
And heard with joyous feelings all the words of welcome said;
He introduced his sisters—they too were young and fair—
And with a smiling face he gave his wife unto their care.

And seven days passed over, and his bliss was unalloyed,
And pleasure danced before him as a thing to be enjoyed;
And every night his glowing cheek was pillowed on the breast
Of her whose happy heart alone his fervent love possessed.

But ah! there is a mockery in soul-engrossing love,
When the heaven of our idolatry is not enthroned above;
The jealous God will brook not aught less than *him* adored—
In his just ear alone must all our orisons be poured!

Fled seven days of happiness—and lo! the eighth she lay
A thing of love and beauty still, but life had passed away!
The fairy foot was motionless, the voice of music hushed—
The spirit, like a frightened bird, from out its cage had rushed!

And in his native valley he interred his English wife—
That bitter hour revealed to him how frail a thing is life!
He mourned as mourn the desolate when all their hope hath died,
And again he crossed the ocean—but where was *now* his pride?

THE OLD YEAR.

Good night, good night! thou art leaving us—
Old year, thy days are done;
Of a much-loved friend thou'rt bereaving us—
Good night! thy goal is won.
Thou cam'st in thine infancy hither,
We have loved thee long and well;
But thy leaf was doom'd to wither,
And we bid thee now farewell!

Good night, good night! our adieu to thee
Is fraught with a deep despair,
For the grief of parting is new to thee,
And we may not thy sorrowing share.
But thy fond and pure affection,
Old year, we will *not* forget—
For though robb'd of thy kind protection,
We love, we love thee yet.

Good night, good night! thou hast ta'en with thee
Of our greatest and our best,—
But reproach shall not give pain to thee,
For thy summons to *them* was rest!
We have loved thee most sincerely,
Old year, and we wish thee well;
O, to one we hold so dearly
It is hard to bid farewell!

Good night, good night! thou hast been with us
In many a joyous day;
Thou hast laugh'd at many a scene with us,
When our hearts were light and gay.
We have found in thee a brother,
Whom we've loved to gaze upon—
And we may not meet with another,
Old year, when thou art gone!

Good night, good night! we'll cling to thee
To the *last* hour of thy stay—
Our love and our blessing we'll fling to thee
As thou soar'st on thy wings away!
O, our hearts are fill'd with sorrow,
For thy days, old year, are done;
We shall miss thee on the morrow—
Good night! thy goal is won.

THE MOURNERS.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead."—(Luke xxiv. 5.)

"Why deck ye thus that lowly tomb
With boughs of the cypress tree?"
I asked a maiden and a youth
Who there sat mournfully—
"The grave can not give up its dead,
Nor the mourned one know your grief;
Then seek not thus 'neath the gaze of men
To give your hearts relief."

The youth and maid still calmly sate
Beside that simple tomb—
They shed no tear, but on their cheek
Was the shade of a settled gloom;
Hand clasped in hand, all silently
They planted their cypress boughs,
And seemed like lovers plighting faith,
And breathing there their vows.

"It is not for the praise of men,"
Thus spake the youth at last,
"That here we come, on this lowly tomb
These withering leaves to cast;—
'Tis our father's grave, and well we know
His spirit is hovering near,
For daily since we laid him down
Have we come to meet him here!"

"God help you, simple ones!" I said,
And slowly walked away—
But a *still voice* checked the rising smile,
And thus to *me* did say:
"Presuming fool! why mockest thou
The faith thou canst not feel?
Or question what the Holy-one
Hath pleased him to reveal?
Learn, like that simple pair, to seek
Thy God in daily prayer—
And even *thou*, where'er thou bow'st,
Shalt find *thy* Father there!"

THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

How date we our life? By the weary sum
Of the years we have passed upon earth?
Count we the days that have dawned and set
From the shrieking hour of birth?
Do we number the grains of sand that have run
From the glass since pulsation's power begun—
Or note we the seasons as *they* progress
With a voice in their course that our time is less?
Not thus, not thus may we date our life—
There are deeper things to scan;
For if length of days be our only boast,
How vain is the life of man!

Watch we the growth of the infant bud,
From its first young sprout in May
Till the winter's frost doth touch its root,
And its leaves all die away?

Do we list to the passing cuckoo's note,
As he flies through the woods at night;
Or the swallow's warning twitter, ere
He takes his sea-ward flight?
Not thus, not thus may we date our life—
There's a nobler test than this;
For if fleeting things have a charm for us,
How vain are our hopes of bliss!

How then may the Christian count his years?
—By the acts of kindness done;
By the famishing brethren clothed and fed
Since *useful* life begun!
By the wretched mourner's banished fears,
By the widow's and orphan's dried-up tears,
By the scoffing sinner's penitent groans,
And the stirring of life 'mid the old dry bones,
And the conscious joy of a peaceful breast
That hath not one crime to disturb its rest!
It is thus, it is thus we should date our life,
When the dawn of its *worth* appears;
For the Pride of Life is in duties done,
And not in the length of years!

THE LOST BROTHER.

Mother, look forth on yon beautiful cloud
That sails o'er the bright blue sky,
And flings to the winds its misty shroud
As it maketh its course on high;
And tell me if that is my Brother, who's gone
To those dwellings of light above,
Where the sun in his glory for ever hath shone?
—— That is *not* thy Brother, my love!

Look, Mother, look, at yon twinkling star
That glows like a light on the sea,
And seemeth as though from its palace afar
It were stedfastly gazing on me.—
Is not *that* my Brother who fled away
From his home like a wild stock-dove,
And left me all alone to play?
—— That is *not* thy Brother, my love!

List, Mother, list, to the soft low tone
That comes on the evening breeze,
Like the musical sound of some night-bird's moan
As it steals through the old elm trees;
Is not *that* the voice of my Brother, who's telling
The joys of his home above—
Where the throat of archangels with rapture is swelling?
—— That is *not* thy Brother, my love!

The clouds that flit o'er the sky so bright,
Soon, soon have passed away;
And the star that cheereth the gloom of night
Is gone ere the break of day.
But thy Brother—O think not, my love, that he
Doth change like the things of air!
The heaven of heavens no eye can see—
—— Thy Brother, thy Brother is *there!*

MALIBRAN.

"Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?—
It sounds no more!"

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

WITHIN the huge and sombre walls of yon most ancient pile,
Where groups of dead lie buriéd beneath the sacred aisle,
A thousand beating hearts had met, a thousand bosoms glowed,
And o'er each fair and beauteous cheek the tears of rapture flowed—
For there, beneath that hallowed roof, she stood, enshrined in song,
A wandering seraph that alone to heaven's quire might belong—
The spirit of that sainted one, who in the olden days
Beneath the Syrian palm-tree's shade poured forth her hymns of praise!

II.

A sound of mourning and of woe passed on the midnight air—
A piercing cry of agony—the wailing of despair!
And they who watched beside the couch of her who lay thereon
Felt that the sun of hope had set—the light of life was gone!
There lay she deep in placid sleep, the unbroken sleep of death—
In one low sigh of melody had passed away her breath!
The brightness of a seraph's light still shone within her eye—
Alas! that one so like a saint should e'er like mortal die!

III.

Twelve days agone, and in our ear the "sounds of music" crept,
And, by one little organ moved, even hardened stoics wept!
Twelve days agone—and lo! hath ceased the tabret and the song—
And far and wide is scattered now that gay and lordly throng!
The blessed voice is silent which entranced our souls of yore,
And its most sweet and hallowed chords shall bless us now no more—
For there, beneath those dim old aisles, where glittering feet did tread,
The bright-eyed seraph of the spheres lies mute, and cold, and dead!*

* The body of Malibran has since been exhumed and carried to Brussels.

MY LIKES.

"This likes me well."—HAMLET.

I LIKE to ramble through the woods,
When the autumn sun is setting;
And the young pale moon so innocently
With the twilight seems coquetting.

I like to stand on a beetling rock
And watch the big waves plashing—
As through their surge they onward urge
The ships on their wild course dashing.

I like to be on the desert sea
When the blustering winds are wailing—
Tossing about 'mid the elements' rout,
Like a cork on the white wave sailing;—
No voice to break upon my thought,
Or mar the spell the night hath wrought—

No hand but my own, when the wind shall roar,
To furl the sail or pull the oar—
Not a living thing to look upon me
As I pass o'er the black and troubled sea!

I like to catch the stolen glance
Of a blushing bright-eyed girl,
As she peeps from beneath the spiral wreath
Of a dazzling auburn curl.
I like to see that same fair maid
With her lover beside her kneeling—
When the heaving breast, and the one sweet word
By him alone distinctly heard,
Life's mystery are revealing!

I like to cank with a dear old friend
By the side of a winter's fire—
Talking of doings that filled our youth,
When the lip and the brow bore the stamp of truth,
In the days of a good old sire.

I like to read an old, old book,
That was writ in the days of yore;
On whose tall page, in ancient times,
Our grandsires used to pore—
Whose margin deep with quaint old notes
Is thickly printed o'er—
And not a line but contains a mine
Of the wealth of an ancient lore!

I like to list to the martial strains
That herald a soldier's bier—
Whilst the muffled drum at intervals
Booms on the aching ear,
And each note that swells from the bugle tells
Of a warrior's closed career.

I like—I like—*all* things I like
That are beautiful and uncommon;
From the guileless smile of a little child
To the holy love of woman!

FRAGMENT.

How soon, alas! how *very* soon, the dead
Are quite forgotten! In their graves they lie
All quietly embedded, and we walk
Above them and around, and read their names,
And note their length of pilgrimage, then pass
Unthinkingly away. Or, it may be,
If that our friend or father lie interred
In some contiguous nook, we loiter on
And gaze a moment o'er the sepulchre
That hides him from us; then we muse awhile,
And, being melancholy, weep! What more?
Alas, how soon, how *very* soon, the dead
Are quite forgotten!

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

I saw the sun go down,
And in that dark'ning time,
From earth to sky uprose the cry
Of many a tongue and clime.
By Valtos, where Botzaris fell,
The mailed freeman stood and cried
Until his fount of tears was dried;
And Britain, too, could tell
How she had gloried in his day—
How mourned when he had passed away!

And as I looked again, behold
A fearful sight advance;
For up there came the cold, cold moon,
That dream'd not of a night so soon,—
I marked her placid glance:
Serenely still she kept her sky,
Her head unveil'd, and proudly high
Betray'd a mien that might not move
At death, or agony, or love.

And curl'd around her crested horn,
I saw a snake of fire,
Which utter'd words of bitter scorn :—
Interminable ire
Dwelt on the tongue of that strange thing,
That round and round the moon did cling :
Of broken vows, of pride that bled,
The creeping reptile ever spoke ;
Anon, it toss'd its scaly head,
That flash'd as if the lightning broke ;
When cruel thoughts and passions woke,
It nurs'd the flame, and kept it burning ;
To love, to duty, no returning
Was ever known. No sigh, no tear,
Hath stray'd from that unmelting sphere.

The present race of men shall die,
Before another sun
Arise so bright, or soar so high,
As, lost one, thou hast done !
The priest is laughing 'neath his robe,
The tyrant on his throne ;
In hollow phrase they dole forth praise
Far better let alone.
That voice which "should as air be free,"
Vouchsafes but guarded words for thee ;
Whilst bigotry and pow'r do stand
In dark conjunction o'er the land.

HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou bringer of new life,
  Welcome thou hither!
Though with thee comes the strife
  Of changeful weather.
Oh! young and coldly fair,
Come with thy storm-blown hair,
Down casting snow-pearls fair,
  For earth to gather!

Approachest thou in shower?
  Mist hath enroll'd thee,
Till, chang'd by viewless power,
  Bright we behold thee.
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly by
Green holm and mountain high,
  Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
  Silent thou rovest;
Where lonely rindles glide,
  Unheard thou movest;

Wide strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
'Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thy provest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing;
And lo! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing.

Now comes the driven hail,
Rattling and bounding;
A shower doth next prevail,
Thunder astounding;
Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-cloud dun;
And, as the light doth run,
Glad tones are sounding.

The throstle tunes his throat,
On top bough sitting;
The ouzle's wizard note
By dingle flitting;
The lov'd one, too, is there,
Above his snow-plash'd lair;
He sings, in sun-bright air,
Carol befitting.

Come ev'ry tone of joy!
  Add to the pleasure!
Sweet robin's melody
  Joins in the measure;
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
  Their sparkling treasure.

The hazle-bloom is hung
  Where beams are shining
The honey-bine hath clung,
  Garlands entwining,
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world, his own,
  Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
  Welcome thou hither;
And welcome, too, the strife
  Of changeful weather;
Oh! ever young and fair,
Cast from thy storm-blown hair
Bright drops, and snow-pearls fair,
  For earth to gather!

GOD HELP THE POOR.

God help the poor, who on this wintry morn
Come forth of alleys dim, and courts obscure.
God help yon poor pale girl, who droops forlorn,
And meekly her affliction doth endure:
God help the outcast lamb; she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her sunken eyes are modestly down cast;
Her night-black hair streams on the fitful blast;
Her bosom, passing fair, is half reveal'd,
And, oh! so cold, the snow lies there congeal'd;
Her feet benumb'd, her shoes all rent and worn;
God help thee, outcast lamb, who stands forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gate-way; and behold,
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child, to screen it from the cold;
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crush'd and torn;
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:
And there she bides the ruthless gale of morn,
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold.
And now, she sudden darts a ravening look,
As one with new hot bread comes past the nook;
And, as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help thee, hapless one forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Behold yon famish'd lad;
No shoes, nor hose, his wounded feet protect;
With limping gait, and looks so dreamy sad,
He wanders onward, stopping to inspect
Each window stor'd with articles of food.
He yearns but to enjoy one cheering meal;
Oh! to his hungry palate, viands rude
Would yield a zest the famish'd only feel!
He now devours a crust of mouldy bread;
With teeth and hands the precious boon is torn,
Unmindful of the storm which round his head
Impetuous sweeps. God help thee, child forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Another have I found,—
A bow'd and venerable man is he;
His slouched hat with faded crape is bound;
His coat is grey, and thread-bare too, I see.
"The rude winds" seem to "mock his hoary hair;"
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he turns, and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray;
And looks again, as if he fain would spy
Friends he hath feasted in his better day:
Ah! some are dead, and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn.
God help the poor!

God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow:
Their's is a story sad indeed to tell;
Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould know
About the toil and want they undergo.
The wearying loom must have them up at morn;
They work till worn-out nature will have sleep;
They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep
Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
The night storm howls a dirge across the moor.
And shall they perish thus, oppress'd and lorn?
Shall toil and famine hopeless, still be borne?
No; God will yet arise and HELP THE POOR.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DECEASE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

Another's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice
And cried in despair,
"We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst death is waiting there!"

But time went forth and dragg'd them on,
By one, by two, by three;
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,
So merciless was he!
And still they go, and still they go,
The slave, the lord, the king;
And disappear like flakes of snow
Before the sun of spring.

For Death stood in the path of Time,
And slew them as they came,
And not a soul escap'd his hand,
So certain was his aim.
The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sunk down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word.

And youth came in his blush of health,
And in a moment fell;
And avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolled into hell;
And age stood trembling at the pass,
And would have turned again;
But time said "no, 'tis never so,
Thou canst not here remain."

The bride came in her wedding robe,
But that did nought avail;
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale;
And some were hurried from the ball,
And some came from the play,
And some were eating to the last,
And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,
And rais'd seditious cries;
But, being a "legitimate,"
Death quickly stopp'd their noise!

The father left his infant brood,
Amid the world to weep;
And the mother died whilst her babe
Lay smiling in its sleep.

And some did offer bribes of gold,
If they might but survive;
But he drew his arrow to the head,
And none were left alive.
And some were plighting vows of love,
When their very hearts were torn;
And eyes that shone so bright at eve
Were closed ere the morn.

And one had just attain'd to pow'r,
And wist not he should die;
Till the arrow smote his stream of life
And left the cistern dry!—
Another's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?

And still they come, and still they go,
And still there is no end,—
The hungry grave is yawning yet,
And who shall next descend?
Oh! shall it be a crowned head,
Or one of noble line?
Or doth the slayer turn to smite
A life so frail as mine?

ODE TO DEATH.

Come not to me on a bed
Of pale-faced sickness and of pining;
Oh! clasp me close on the battle field red,
Midst warriors' shouts and armour shining;
Let me not have priest nor bell,
Sable pomp, nor voice of wailing;
The roar of the cannon shall be my knell,
And tears with thee are unavailing.
Then clasp me close in the hottest strife,
Where the cut, and the stab, and the shot are rife.

May I fall on some great day,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er me;
Live but to shout for the victory
And see the rout roll on before me—
And tyrants from their greatness torn,
Beneath the scourge of justice smarting—
And gaze on Freedom's glorious morn,
My soul to cheer before departing.
Oh, then my life might melt away,
In visions bright of liberty!

THE WIND UNBOUND.

God doth unbind the enchained wind;
He bids him go, and he straightway goeth!
The mighty one from the Lord is gone;
O'er ocean wide, and o'er land he bloweth.

From mountain peak doth he terror shake;
'Mid cavern'd echos he wildly crieth;
His wings descend where the pine woods bend—
O'er desert plain in thick cloud he flieth.

On moonless night doth he take his flight?
Star-spangled regions he then exploreth;
Flings wide his pinions in heaven's dominions,
And t'wards God's own palace gate he soareth.

Then back he bends, and to earth descends,
Cloud-rending stormer, the world he shaketh:
Pale fear lies wailing, the brave are quailing,
The proud he humbles, the strong he breaketh.

On shoreless main, when his path is ta'en,
Howling he calls on that whelming ocean:
The deep sea cleaveth, the billow heaveth,
And wind and flood meet in dire commotion.

No ship may ride through that dreadful tide,
Stark horror yells, every hope denying:
The fierce wind breaketh, the wave down taketh;
Oh God! have mercy upon the dying.

NER GARDINER.

THE RUIN.

TIME-HAUNTED Fane, where ruin loves to stray,
And undermine with still, remorseless hand,
The fluted pillar and the column gray,
And strew them o'er the earth in shapeless sand;
How sweet to linger round your broken walls,
And stray in awe along your silent halls,
Where ev'ry footstep rings of lightest tread,
As though the floor were answering from the dead.

How solemn is the stillness of the scene!
Here loneliness in grandeur seems to dwell,
Where pomp, and power, and glory once have been
The tenants of a dome to suit them well;
The mailed knight of chivalry is fled,
The wily monk has found a peaceful bed,
The baron calmly rests, despite his pride,—
In death's cold peace they slumber side by side.

And round the ruins of the mouldering tomb
The ivy greenly wreathes its tiny arms,
Hiding in freshness its funereal gloom,
And lending even to desolation charms.
Yes, strip those darkly-verdant leaves away,
That softly murmur to the wild wind's play;
How cheerless and how cold those walls would seem,
That now peep out, as time they would redeem.

Lo! contemplation has her altar here,
Fit home where passion once held wide domain,
And urged her votaries in their wild career,
And gave to dark licentiousness the rein:
Delusive hope! 'twas thine to bring despair;
Unhallowed joy! 'twas thine to end in care;
Abused hospitality, thy kind food
By dire revenge was scatter'd forth in blood.

Fit themes for her with placid brow and mien;
Has Heaven in anger scath'd the works of art,
Whilst nature all around looks fair and green,
And seems to breathe of peace she would impart?
She mark'd the treacherous deeds of years gone by,
When cold ambition doom'd its friends to die,
When calm deceit grasp'd foe with friendly hand,
And lagg'd behind to plunge with deadly brand.

All seems forgot by her, and bush and tree,—
And pastoral hedge-row twining o'er the ground,—
And peaceful cot, and children at the knee
Of homely matron, glad the scene around,
And life and loveliness go hand in hand,
Where rapine, murder, once defaced the land;
Time-haunted Fane! thou standest in thy gloom,
For those who wrought such deeds, meet grave, meet tomb.

Yes, nature still looks bright, although men mar
Awhile her holy face with savage deeds,
Trampling her bosom with the hoofs of war,
And scattering to the winds her fruitful seeds;
No sooner hast thou hush'd the groans and sighs
Of him who mangled lives, or wounded dies,
Fair peace, than o'er the scene she flings around
Her emerald robe, to hide the ensanguin'd ground.

Oh! beauteous Heaven, when shall the heart of man
Turn from revenge,—in sufferance learn to bear
The individual wrong, and yet not ban?
Or when shall rulers turn aside the spear
Of ruthless war and cast away the sword,
Cleaving alone to reason of the word?
That hour, how distant! Hope may not impart
One distant gleam to cheer the human heart.

SONNET.

Blythe lark, thou hast a lowly, lovely nest,
And may-be younglings tie thee to the earth;
But thou upspringest in thy morning mirth,
And to the heav'ns dost turn thy joyous breast.
Lo! ere the last faint ray of night is done,
Thou soarest up to meet thy god, the sun,
And pourest out to him, in jocund strain,
Melodious breathings from thy happy throat;
Whilst from the earth the early rustic swain
Uplifts his eyes to heaven, where thou dost float.
So may my soul seek Heav'ns all-glorious day,
When Death's dark night shall drag me from earth's ties,
Spring from the gloom that shrouds this earth of clay,
And soar on joyful pinions to the skies.

THE SPIRIT OF SOUND.

Oh! the Spirit of Sound!
It is in the green trees—
And it floats all around,
To the breath of the breeze;
List the hush of its tones,
'Tis the voice of the leaves,
That, in musical moans,
For the passing hour grieves.

Oh! the Spirit of Sound!
It is in the bright rill,
As it flows o'er the ground,
Or foams white from the hill.
Oh! how sweetly it rings
As it murmurs along,
As if wild, unseen things
Were in mourning and song.

Oh! the Spirit of Sound!
It laughs out on the shore,
To the wild waters bound,
As they revel and roar;
And the dark winged storm
Rides in might with the cloud,
Then spreads his wild form
O'er the waves, like a shroud!

THE WOMEN AT THE CROSS.

"And many women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him."—MATTHEW xxvii. 55.

WATCHING all thy mortal throes,
Weeping all thy pangs and woes,
Ling'ring round the fatal tree,
Madly rais'd to torture thee;
'Midst thy degradation still
Bend we to thy holy will.

Though with felons thou hast died,
Murd'rers mocking at thy side,
Purest innocence was thine,
Meekness, lowliness divine;
'Midst thy degradation still
Bend we to thy holy will.

Matrons, sisters, raise your songs,
Plead the Saviour's woes and wrongs;
Infants on the mothers' knee,
Lisp to Heaven your melody;
'Midst his degradation still
Bend to Jesus' holy will.

TRUE WISDOM.

In what consists true wisdom? Not in joy
Born in the sensual lap of young delight;
Nor yet in fickle pleasure's sweets, that cloy,
Nor passion's truant train, new-fledged for flight.
Ah no! nor in the lusts that grossly bind
The energies of man's immortal mind,
And cast him down a slave at folly's feet,
With heart whose pride adds meanness to deceit.

In what consists true wisdom? Seeking peace,
And hallowing each pure feeling of the heart;
Luring each fond affection's soft increase;
Twining contentment round affliction's dart;—
Shunning the path where vice and folly meet;
Seeking out virtue in her calm retreat;
Training the mind to look where faith may save,
And wing the soul for flight beyond the grave.

SONNET.

I STAND upon the earth and gaze around,
I climb the lofty hills, and thence behold
Plain gathering upon plain, and the huge fold
Of towering mountains; far beyond their bound
The ocean traverses the earth in pride,
And mighty empires simply form her banks,
And thousand rolling rivers, side by side,
Dash on their way and rush into her ranks.
And lofty hills—and gathering, length'ning plains—
And towering mountains spiring to the sky—
And the old ocean, with his thousand veins—
And the broad empires which her rage defy;
These, to the myriad worlds that shine afar,
All—all combined, gleam but a twinkling star.

OH! FORTH TO ROAM.

Oh! forth to roam at night when through the sky
No cloud is floating, and the azure blue
Of Heaven comes softly beaming on the eye,
And the eternal stars shed down their hue
Of liquid light; when nature, calm and still,
The heart with holy fervour seems to fill;
At that lov'd hour, in loneliness to stray,
Refines the soul from earth's corrupting clay.

Go,—gaze into the soft blue depths of heaven,
When all is calm and still at peaceful night;
Uplift thine eyes and thoughts where earth's cold leaven
May never reach the soul in its bold flight;
Roam through all space, in aspirations high,
And feeling then the soul can never die,
Approach with sacred awe God's mighty throne,
And dare to make His promis'd word thine own!

Compared to these high feelings, what are all
The visionary musings of the mind?
Philosophy's cold reasonings lure, to pall;
'Tis inspiration that must couch the blind;
'Tis this must clear the film from mortal eyes,
And give them vision of the eternal skies;
Such as the saint in Patmos dimly saw,
And then revealed, in words of fervent awe!

SYMPATHY.

The lonely heart, with feeling,
How like the harp alone,
No melody revealing,
Though full of sweetest tone;
For hidden in the silent strings,
It only waits their tremblings.
Poor heart!—oh! lonely heart!
When sympathy is lost to thee,
Thou, like the harp, must silent lie,
Yet feel within a melody
Which, wanting that alone, must die!

MISCELLANY.

ÆTNA.

"Stay, stranger, stay, nor dare ascend
The mountain's brow, while clouds portend
The deeper hues of night;
When virtue seeks its sweet repose
And villain eyes their fire disclose
To flash upon your sight,
Without a star or Cynthia's ray,
Or Ætna's flame to light your way."

"Nay bar me not thus onward borne
To meet on high the blush of morn,
The sun's empurpled bride;
I seek not nature's common place,—
The homely features of her face,
To me—to none denied,
Beheld by all, like spires of grass,
Or varying seasons as they pass.

For these 'tis not for me to roam;
They spring and laugh around my home,
The heritage of all;
But nature's forms in earth and sky,
Which seldom meet the human eye,
To please and to appal,
And sweep for these o'er land and floods,—
Her rarest glows—peculiar moods."

He sped away, and sped alone,
With views and feelings all his own,—
A stranger to the soil;
And not till night her sway maintained,
The mountain's swelling base was gained,
When all was upward toil;
Where all around was lovely green,
But not a tint by him was seen.

Full often down that mountain's side
The molten lava, like the tide,
When 'prisoned fountains break,
Had rushed and roused a country's awe,
Like Sinai's thunder and its law,
When God was heard to speak;
Nor man nor beast but quaked with fear,—
Trembling his presence to draw near.

For ages had that lava-stream—
Which once sent forth a fiery gleam—
  Been hardened into rock;
And o'er it now the soil was spread,
And shepherds watched and piped, and led
  The rich and roving flock,
While gardens, like a wreath of flowers,
Spread beautiful in sunny hours.

He trod for miles the cinder path,
The wreck of fled, experienced wrath,
  In brokenness and mass;
But now the mountain, aspect-stern,
Engirt with scattered oaks and fern,
  Through which he had to pass;
And then, more rugged, open, wild,
He scaled the rocks by earthquakes piled.

In districts where the gardens lay
It seemed like summer's holiday,
  With timbrel and with dance;
While sterner tracks of fern and oak,
Like sober autumn, gravely spoke
  Of winter's swift advance;
And soon, as higher he arose,
Cold blew the wind o'er crackling snows.

He now has cleared the snowy wreath,
And leaves the winter track beneath,
  Like seasons that have fled;
And presently his weary feet
Begin to feel the mountain's heat,
  As hell-ward he seems led,
And now upon his breath and eyes
Thick stifling sulphur-fumes arise.

Yet hot as are the rocks below,
All swiftly o'er the cope of snow
  The coursing breezes sweep;
So keen and chilling are they found,
He wraps his mantle tightly round,
  The vital warmth to keep;
And, toiling long from lower lands,
At length on Ætna's brow he stands.

The first fair glimpse of morning dawn
Unfolds the crater's mouths, which yawn
  Like Tophet for her prey:
From one, as round the brink he strolls,
The smoke, a vast dense column, rolls,
  Then breaks in clouds away,—
A mighty plume, seen far below,
That decks and shadows Ætna's brow.

Around the less terrific void
He steps, by crumbling earth annoyed,
  All crisp'd with central heat;
Through chinks, with slender space between,
The smoke in filmy wreaths is seen
  Enveloping his feet,—
Slow curling—whitening—rising, where
It dissipates in upper air.

The stars all silent, one by one,
As morn's superior light comes on,
  In modesty retire,
And leave the soul, in that dim hour,
Upon the brink of such a power—
  A treasury of fire,
In earnestness to pass away,
And fade like them in brighter day.

Within the mountain's labouring womb,
As 'midst infernal heat and gloom,
  The thunder is conceived;
While from the soil, with ashes spread,
Where'er creation's life seems dead,
  From age to age upheaved,
Hideous abortions of the earth
Are here brought forth in fiery birth.

Upward he sees a clearer sky,
And downward, as he turns his eye
  Beyond the mountain's base,
The sun, as from the ocean's bed,
Where slumbering he had laid his head,
  Rises and shews his face,
Bespangling every wave with light,
And flashing glory on the sight.

No sooner does he mount the skies,
Than waking millions see him rise,
  In city, field, and wood;
The vapours dim roll off below,
Hills, capes, and towns in beauty glow,
  And brighter every flood;
Forward to Christ the mind is borne,
  Sun of the resurrection's morn.

Once more the stranger sought the plain,
But, ere his feet the verge could gain,
  Above—where he had been—
The heights were wrapt in cloud on cloud,
The thunder peals were long and loud,
  The lightning's glare was seen
In dreadful, yet sublime, array—
Like ensigns of the judgment day.

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

In God alone can our affections rest—
If warped to earth they lacerate our breast:
As, when the woodbine round the sapling clings,
And wastes her wild luxuriance of rings,
Full soon will storms those tangled tendrils rend,
Torn by the shrub that promised to defend:
But if she wisely fear the tempest's shock,
And seek and circle round some massive rock,
Strong in his strength, her weakness shall abide,
His crags shall stay her, and his clefts shall hide!
So let the tendrils of the heart be wound
The changeless omnipresent God around—
Nor chance, nor death, those life-strings then can tear,
Nor treach'ry blight them into sere despair.

* * * * *

Love, mighty love, can every task beguile—
Can make the sternest face of duty smile.
Mark how yon mother watches o'er her boy,
By night her vision and by day her joy;
Unwearied still his ceaseless wants supplies,
Bears all his tempers—thrills to all his cries;

That task a stranger's loathing soon would stir,
But love endears the irksome toil to her:—
Or see!—beside the death-bed of her sire,
Where life long flickers ere the lamp expire,
Yon pallid maiden—there the live-long night,
The slow-paced day she finds her sad delight
To smooth his pillow or his head sustain,
Forestall his wishes, share his every pain—
The one, last solace of her burdened breast,
That pain her pleasure, and that toil her rest.
Thy love, then, Saviour!—shall it not endear
Each painful precept?—hush each faithless fear?—
It makes contrition's bitter cup be sweet,
The stony pathway grateful to our feet;
Reproach and scorn sit lightly on our brow,
Yea, self-denial—is indulgence now.

* * * * *

Lo! mounting upwards how the craven kite
Seems to aspire, exulting in his flight,
Yet earthward ever bends his sordid eye,
Craving for prey, regardless of the sky—
Such the dissembler, saintly in his show,
His heart the while still grovelling below,
His raptures feigned, as his desires are base,
Misname not him—"recipient of grace"—
Forbear, misjudging world! forbear thy sneer,
'Tis not religion thou deridest here.

But see! afar, swift soaring while she sings,
Heaven in her eye and freedom on her wings.

The joyous lark pursues her high career,
Nor casts one glance on all the turmoil here—
Expressive emblem of the saint indeed!
His heart, and life harmonious with his creed;
In spirit simple, as in purpose clean,
Truth in his eye and nature in his mien—
His bearing speaks him of celestial birth,
He walks a pilgrim, hastening from the earth;
A stranger, doomed awhile to toil and roam
'Mid foreign climes—but still in heart at home:
True he can hail, if gushing undefiled,
The native springs which still refresh this wild;
But halts not long—intent on ardent haste,
Where others build he pauses but to taste;
The world in vain would lull him on her breast—
Where sin has ravaged he can never rest.

* * * * *

Hail, gracious Sabbath, to the heavenly mind
Thy dawn how welcome, thy repose how kind!
Oh! how benign thy orient beams are shed,
Through latticed window, on the poor man's bed—
The *pious* poor man—gilding all his woe,
His clean-swept cottage smiling with the glow,
Whilst light of heart from dreamless sleep he springs,
On mercy musing till for joy he sings:
His thoughtful spouse has laid in neat array
The well-saved garments sacred to the day,
With dewy flowers, the peasant's only gem,—
Yet Judah's monarch could not vie with them;—
Nor vie the transports intellect bestows,
When reason triumphs, or when fancy glows,—

They cannot paragon that peace of heart
Which Sabbath scenes to holy cots impart;
Unbought, unlaboured,—fresh from Heaven's own clime,
In nature simple, as in kind sublime.

Divine Religion!—by thy Sire's decree,
Respect of persons has no place with thee;
Wit-learning genius charm the favoured few,
Thy blessings fall unstinted as the dew;
No soul so vast but thou canst overflow,
But thou canst elevate, no mind so low;
Thy bounty free as beams the lamp of day,
Which lights and gladdens with impartial ray
The gorgeous palace or the homely cell,
The wide horizon or the narrow dell.

Hark! echoing sweetly down yon winding vale,
Now swells, now fades, upon the whisp'ring gale,
The Sabbath-speaking bell;—how dear its tone,—
Heard, 'mid the gen'ral hush, so sacredly alone!
The vain may slight it, and the scorner sneer,
It falls in melody on many an ear,
Full many a heart throbs lighter at the sound,
Full many a fettered spirit feels unbound;
Prompt at its call the hills, the valleys teem,
Lo! cheerful groups from every hamlet stream,
Meandering many a devious path along,
In social converse, or in hallowed song,
Then meet and mingle in yon house of prayer,
And youth and age, and want and wealth, are there.

EARTHLY VANITIES.

The sun was hid in misty shroud,
The autumn winds were piping loud,
And thick with varied hues around
The falling leaves bestrewed the ground;
When to a deep secluded vale
A youth retired to breathe his tale;
Pale was his brow, and wan his form,
Which drooped and bowed before the storm;
And thus he poured his plaintiff sighs,—
"O! vanity of vanities!

"How vain is nature's brightest bloom!—
She decks her for the silent tomb;
Low in the dust forlorn ye lie,
Sweet flowers!—ye blossomed but to die!
The brightness of the Sylvan scene,
The mountains tall, the meadows green,
Why do ye thus your charms display?
'Tis but to flourish for a day!
In mockery ye bless my eyes,—
All vanity of vanities!

"And I have sought the world around,
But peace, alas! have never found.
I loved—another sought the maid—
Through paltry gold I was betrayed.
For honour's ties I next would thirst—
I grasped the bubbles, and they burst.
And wealth, like painted insect gay,
I caught,—to brush its charms away!
What is not vain beneath the skies?
All vanity of vanities!

"O that, upon my quiet bed,
I could repose this aching head;
Though rude the storm, and bleak the wind,
Yet friends of earth are more unkind.
But must I leave thee, Nature, too?
This earth of green, this sky of blue—
Though death for me should smile serene,
'Twere grief to leave so fair a scene,
Despite that voice which solemn cries—
All vanity of vanities!

"My heart is sick,—and o'er me creep
Death's broodings, shadows dark and deep;
My mother, earth! unfold thy breast,
And let thy hapless offspring rest.
Sweet flowers! again your charms will shine,
But they must deck this grave of mine.

The earth shall bloom, and smile the sky,
But they must glad another's eye.
Vain man! how soon thus beauty dies,—
'Tis vanity of vanities!"

He spoke; when thus before his sight
Replied a form of heavenly light:—
"Does nature's brightest charm consume?
'Tis sin that sinks her to the tomb!
Does pleasure's cup so treacherous shine?
'Tis sin that poisons all the wine!
If earthly bliss *itself* destroys,
Then wake, O man, to nobler joys,
To soar where perfect pleasure lies—
No vanity of vanities!"

He said—fierce blew the eastern blast,
While the youth knelt, and breathed his last;
A prayer of silent joy addrest,
Then calmly took his peaceful rest.
Spring smiled again with pleasant hue,
The earth was green, the sky was blue;
But he who sung their charms before,
Would look, and love, and sigh no more;
Enough for him those cloudless skies,
Where are no earthly vanities.

REST.

How sweet the hour of soft repose,
When the tired world forgets its woes;
When gentle peace in silence reigns,
And not a zephyr sweeps the plains;
When not a breath disturbs the woods,
And feebly sigh the murmuring floods;
When winds are hushed upon the deep,
And waters all are lulled to sleep;
While the fair moon, with ray serene,
O'erspreads the stilly pensive scene;
This is rest, grateful rest;
Nature rests, with toil opprest.

But sweeter far the peaceful hour,
When passions wild have lost their power,
When storms of conscious guilt are o'er,
And anxious fears disturb no more;
When Jesus' blood has given release,
And to thy spirit whispered peace;
When God upon thy soul hath smiled,
In Christ, a father reconciled,
And thou canst feel, by grace divine,
That thou art his, and he is thine;
This is rest, heavenly rest,
Such as dwells among the blest.

ODE TO THE MANCHESTER FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

FULL from the verge of fam'd Mill Brow,
Proud Grammar School I view thee now;
I view each old unfading token—
Thy crackling walls, thy windows broken;
And think, as thus I silent gaze,
On the past scenes of other days!

.

How oft against thy massive wall
I've hurl'd my bounding catch-a-ball;
Or round thy gateway huge and thick
I've join'd in Willy's ground on Tick;
Or played on dark November morn
At Buttermilk and Barley Corn.

Ah! such were then the jocund plays,
That oft were mine in school-boy days;
I thought no sorrow, knew no woe,
Save what, perchance, might sometimes flow
From learning lessons over-night,
Or wanting wind to fly my kite!

Yet oft, thou tow'ring Grammar School,
Have I, like many another fool,
Been doom'd to feel the ache full long
Of Doctor's whip and Usher's thong;
Whilst Nature's voice, at every blow,
Cried out, in thund'ring accents, "Oh!"

Oft too I've wished, (Heaven spare my sin,)
That beams and rafters, tumbling in,
Might lay, in one stupendous mound,
Thy well-earned honours on the ground;
That books and papers, pens and ink,
In smoking ruins all might sink.

Such thoughts, that oft have knit my brow,
Like midnight phantoms vanish now;
And thus my soul, unshackled, free,
Turns with redoubled joy to thee,
Faithful to this its fondest rule—
Hail to thee still, proud Grammar School!

I deem thee, viewing thus thy form,
An eagle mounting o'er the storm;
For thou amidst a troubled world,
By wars opprest, by tempests hurl'd,
Thou, thou, whilst many a mortal name
Has perish'd, standest thus the same.

Oh! could'st thou speak in mortal tone,
And tell the history of thine own;
Could'st thou (so deemed by Heavenly fate)
Burst thro' thy walls of brick and slate,
To tell the course a school-boy runs,
The tricks, the frolics of thy sons;

Bright on the crowded list would shine
The oddities of me and mine;
Thou would'st not long forget, I trow,
To tell of scenes few now can know,
That in the breast of many a sire
E'en yet might kindle flames of fire.

Some forms are graven on the heart,
That never, save with life, can part;
And thou, whilst memory yet may stay
To guide one thought of nature's clay,
Shalt live, by me forgotten not,
When time shall other visions blot!

Still whilst I bend at mortal shrine,
And say this day on earth is mine,
My conscious heart in secret glee
Shall vibrate still to think on thee;
Whilst I, thro' life's declining days,
Will tell thy virtues, sing thy praise!

Oh! may'st thou stand thus proud and high,
When humbler works of man shall die;
May'st thou o'er others' pathway shine
A beacon, bright as shone o'er mine!
And form, through many a coming age,
The fairest gem of History's page!

DEATH AND SLEEP.

(THROWN INTO VERSE FROM KRUMMACHER.)

THE evening shades began to creep
Across the earth, when Death and Sleep,
Twin angels, on their errand bound,
With noiseless footsteps walked it round ;
Then resting on a hilly place,
Lay down in brotherly embrace.

Though near them rose men's dwellings there,
A solemn silence filled the air;
From all the distant hamlets round
The curfew bell had ceased to sound.

Peaceful and still, as is their way,
Awhile the gentle spirits lay,
Till night its clouds around them spread;
Then, rising from his mossy bed,
The angel Sleep looked o'er the land,
And scattered forth with wary hand
The slumber grains, so fine and light,
Invisible to mortal sight;
Which straight the winds obedient took,
And round each quiet dwelling shook.
Soon as they entered, balmy Sleep
On all within began to creep,
Down from the sire, with locks of snow,
On helping crutches forced to go,
To the young child that, tired with play,
Soft nestling in the cradle lay.
At once the sick their pains forgot,
The poor their hard and anxious lot;
At once was hushed the mourner's grief;
All eyes found rest, all hearts relief.
Beside his sterner brother, then
The friendly angel sank again,
And, thinking o'er his kind employ,
"When morning dawns," he cried with joy,
"And wakes up men refreshed with rest,
With what glad thanks shall I be blest!

"How sweet our task! how happy we,
The viewless messengers to be

Of the good spirit, who hath given
To us this ministry of heaven!"
Thus did Sleep's gentle angel say,
While Death in mournful silence lay;
But when his brother's look he caught,
So bright, and full of happy thought,
Tears gathered in his large dark eyes,
Such as in those of angels rise.
"Ah! sweet indeed thy thanks," said he,
"But none a blessing gives to me,
My guerdon is but hate and fear;
Men tremble when they deem me near,
And say I come but to destroy,
And scare away their peace and joy."

"Not long," Sleep's angel straight replied,
"Shall be sweet thanks to thee denied.
Will not the good their wrong confess,
And thee, with grateful spirits, bless,
When from the slumbers of the tomb
In bright immortal strength they come?
Have we not both the same intent?
Are we not by one Father sent?"
Death smiled, as thus his brother spoke—
A light into his dark eyes broke;
And linked in still more fond embrace,
They rested on that hilly place.

COME AND PRAY.

Thou, beset with doubt and sorrow,
Wandering in a sunless way,
Wouldst thou light and comfort borrow,
Child of misery, come and pray.

Thou, the frail, the sin-o'ertaken,
Lost in guilt's distressful way,
Would'st thou find the peace forsaken,
Child of earth, repent and pray.

Thou, the feeble, fading, dying,
Wouldst thou chase thy fears away;
No more on mortal aid relying,
Child of death, look up and pray.

CŒUR DE LION.

The lamps of heaven are palely burning,
The morn in misty robe returning,
And tents are on the plain:
And mustering hosts with helm and lance,
And harness'd steeds that neigh and prance,
The plumed chieftains rein.

The Crescent glimmers on the hill,—
Hark! how the discord, harsh and shrill,
Sounds o'er the desert far!
The bugle note,—the mingling cry,—
The march of England's chivalry,
Triumphant to the war!

Who rages 'mid the thickest fight?
And, nerved with superhuman might,
  Hurls havoc on the foe!
The Christian sign arrays his breast,
The plated scales his limbs invest,
  His arms an axe and bow!

From Albion's isles the monarch came,
To purge with blood, for Jesu's name,
  The land of Palestine!
Where, 'mid its holy places, dwell,
With rites obscene, the Infidel,
  And mock at Salem's shrine!

The loud lament!—the dying cry!—
And mingled foemen redly lie,
  All cold and ghastly there!
The vulture hovers o'er his prey,
The howling wolves have track'd their way,
  The horrid feast to share!

Now, Saracen, upon thy head,
Be thrice the righteous blood that's shed,
  Yea, tenfold I'll repay!
Yet turn—abjure—repent—believe!
And freely will I pardon give,
  And thou art saved to-day!

KENILWORTH.

Proud Kenilworth a ruin stands,
That is of old renown;
'Mid smiling streams and pleasant lands
He bows his glory down.

My spirit dreams of other days
While yet I gaze on thee;
Of mailed knights and minstrel lays,
And queenly revelrie.

And then I think how sad the things
That such mutation know:
The pomps of nobles and of kings
Are but a passing show!

And where are they that in thy halls
Have suit and service known?
Who piled thine ivy-tangled walls,
Unshaped and overthrown?

All silent now in mist and gloom,
The shadows of the past!
Their mansion is the barren tomb,
Their triumphs could not last!

Be mine a portion better far
Than aught of earth can be—
Whose glory is a falling star,
Like, Kenilworth, to thee!

C. WHEELER AND SON, ST ANN'S-STREET.

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